

FRENCH MARKET GIRL.

We take this picture from "The American" vain to find any better description than the title in Europe," but have looked over the work in which the plate bears.

WHAT I LIVE FOR.

BY G. LINNÆUS BANKS.

I.

I LIVE for those who love me,  
Whose hearts are kind and true;  
For the heaven that smiles above me,  
And awaits my spirit too:  
For all human ties that bind me;  
For the task by God assigned me:  
For the bright hopes left behind me,  
And the good that I can do.

II.

I live to learn *their* story  
Who've suffered for my sake;  
To emulate their glory,  
And follow in their wake:  
Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,  
The noble of all ages,  
Whose deeds crowd History's pages,  
And Time's great volume make

III.

I live to hold communion  
With all that is divine;  
To feel there is a union  
'Twixt Nature's heart and mine:  
To profit by affliction,  
Reap truths from fields of fiction,  
Grow wiser from conviction,  
And fulfil each grand design.

IV.

I live to hail that season  
By gifted minds foretold,  
When men shall live by reason,  
And not alone by gold:  
When man to man united,  
And every wrong thing righted,  
The whole world shall be lighted  
As Eden was of old.

V.

I live for those who love me,  
For those who know me true;  
For the Heaven that smiles above me,  
And awaits my spirit too:  
For the cause that lacks assistance,  
For the wrong that needs resistance;  
For the future in the distance,  
And the good that I can do.

*Dublin University Magazine.*

PROGRESS.

ALL victory is struggle, using chance  
And genius well; all bloom is fruit of death;  
All being, effort for a future germ;  
All good, just sacrifice; and life's success  
Is rounded-up of integers of thrift  
From toil and self-denial. Man must strive  
If he would freely breathe or conquer; slaves  
Are amorous of ease and dalliance soft;  
Who rules himself calls no man master, and  
Commands success even in the throat of fate.  
Creation's soul is thrivance from decay;  
And nature feeds on ruin; the big earth  
Summers in rot, and harvests through the frost,  
To fructify the world; the mortal Now  
Is pregnant with the spring-flowers of To-come;  
And death is seed-time of eternity.

*Household Words.*

*Irvingism and Mormonism tested by Scripture.*  
By the Reverend Emilii Guers. With Prefatory Notice by James Bridges, Esq.

A close, compact, and sufficient account of the history and doctrines of the sects which respectively take for their founders the enthusiast (if not in his last days the madman) Irving and the swindler Joe Smith. Whether the extent and importance of these sects are really worth the pains Mr. Guers has bestowed upon them may be a question, but nothing can be better done in its way than his narrative; so full in essential points, and yet so succinct. The Irvingite "utterances," if not the Mormon delusion, he considers the immediate work of Satan. His general conclusion is of a broader kind—that the man or the sect which leaves Scripture to take shelter in the idea of a "church" will fall into error, heresy, or worse.

Mr. Bridges of Edinburgh has prefixed a preface to the book, that contains some curious personal reminiscences of Irving, and some exposure of the "utterances," which seem to leave little choice between madness or imposture.

*Spectator.*

*Synonyms of the New Testament;* Being the Substance of a Course of Lectures addressed to the Theological Students, King's College, London. By Richard Chenevix Trench, B. D., Professor of Divinity, King's College, London, and Examining Chaplain to the Lord Bishop of London.

The original object of Mr. Trench in his lectures was to supply the theological students of

King's College with a help towards those philological acquirements which are necessary to divines, as well for the true understanding of the meaning of Scripture as for the sharpening and training of their own minds. The matter revised and extended now appears in the form of a book, which will aid a larger class than the students of a single college.

Perhaps this task could not have been undertaken by any other scholar so successfully as by Mr. Trench. His nice discrimination of differences, and the power of stating them with popular effect, was not only critically shown in the "Lectures on Words," and the volume on Proverbs, but is proved by the success of those books. The (Greek) *Synonyms of the New Testament* appeals, of course, to a much more limited class than the works just mentioned, and does not admit of such immediate application; but it is distinguished by the same power of imparting interest to philological questions.—*Spectator*.

*A Treatise on Relics.* By John Calvin. Newly translated from the French Original. With an Introductory Dissertation on the Miraculous Images, as well as other Superstitions, of the Roman Catholic and Russo-Greek Churches.

An exposure of the religious mischiefs and absurdities of relics, addressed to an age which received, as cogent novelties in reasoning, what have now become common property, was scarcely needed in these times. But the reader who desires a specimen of Calvin could scarcely have a better one than this *Treatise on Relics*. It is brief, clear, and rapid: the arguments are not new; but the style of argumentation will be found novel, and the manner more measured than many might expect from the stern Genevan Reformer.

The treatise of Calvin, however, does not occupy a fourth part of the volume. The other part consists of an introduction by the translator containing a history of the rise and establishment of relic-workship, as an original compromise with Paganism. This is followed by an account of the superstitious revival of relics in our day in the Romish Church, and a description of the practice of Russian Greeks on the subject. The historical part is the best done; a compilation, well studded with quotations, but readable and animated.—*Spectator*.

**AN ELEPHANT AL LARGE.**—From the *Providence Journal*, and the testimony of an eye-witness to a part of the scene, we gather the following particulars of the havoc and destruction made yesterday morning by a large elephant attached to the Broadway Menagerie, who got loose from his keeper on the way from Pawtucket to Fall River. When about seven miles from Pawtucket he got free from the control of his keeper, and meeting a horse and wagon belonging to Mr. Stafford Short, he thrust his tusk into the horse and lifted horse, wagon, and rider into the air. He mangled the horse terribly, and carried him about fifty feet and threw the dead body into a pond. The wagon was broken to pieces, and Mr.

Short considerably hurt. The elephant broke one of his enormous tusks in this encounter. A mile further the elephant, now grown more furious, attacked in the same manner a horse and wagon, with Mr. Thomas Peck and his son. He broke the wagon and wounded the horse, which ran away. Mr. Peck was pretty badly hurt in the hip.

Two men took horses and drove ahead to give warning to the passengers whom they met on the way. They came up with a Mr. Pearce who was riding with his little son in a one-horse wagon. He was coming towards the elephant, and being warned by the outriders turned around and put the horse to his speed; but the elephant overtook him, and seizing the wagon, threw it into the air, dashing it to pieces, and breaking the collar bone and arm of Mr. Pearce. The horse, disengaged from the wagon, escaped with the fore-wheels, and the elephant gave chase for eight miles, but did not catch him. The elephant came back from his unsuccessful pursuit and took up his march again on the main road, where he next encountered Mr. Jabez Eddy, with a horse and wagon. He threw up the whole establishment in the same way as before, smashed the wagon, killed the horse and wounded Mr. Eddy. He threw the horse twenty feet over a fence into the adjoining lot, then broke down fence, went over and picked up the dead horse and deposited him in the road, where he had first met him.

He killed one other horse, and pursued another who fled to a barn. The elephant followed, but was met by a fierce bull-dog, which bit his leg and drove him off.

Once on the route, the keeper ahead of him, saw him plunge over a wall and make for a house. The keeper got into the house first, hurried the frightened people within to the upper story, and providing himself with an axe, succeeded in driving off the furious beast.

On his route, the elephant killed three horses and seriously injured two men, besides the damage to wagons. Our informant says he shall never forget "seeing that elephant." He was covered with blood from the horses he had killed. His strength was surprising, for he seemed to handle a horse with as much ease as a terrier dog does a rat. The horses were terribly frightened when they saw the wild elephant. It is believed that a part of the time he ran at the rate of a mile in three minutes. He finally exhausted his strength, and laid himself down in the bushes, about two miles from Slade's Ferry. Here he was secured with chains, and carried over the ferry to Fall River. — *Boston Transcript*, June 6.

**BELIEF REJECTED WITH AS LITTLE REASON AS IT IS RECEIVED.**—Comme nous ne recevons point notre créance par la raison ne nous en fait pas changer. Un dégoût secret des vieux sentimens nous fait sortir de la religion dans laquelle nous avons vécu; l'agrément que trouve l'esprit en de nouvelles pensées, nous fait entrer dans une autre; et le pors qu'on a changé de religion, si on est fort à parler des erreurs qu'on a quittées, on est assez foible à établir la vérité de celle qu'on a prise.—*Saint Evremond*.

[Having always deprecated the agitation of the Slavery question, whether by sincere fanatics (North or South)—or by treasonable politicians (South or North), who endeavor to build up their own fortunes by the ruin of the National health,—we claim of the South a fair hearing for the following friendly appeal of the Dublin University Magazine. And we beg leave to say that the British Nation is far in advance of its *government*, in the knowledge of its true policy towards the United States—and will not long (we hope) tolerate the pernicious "protectorate" in Central America. In the Old World the government made a great mistake, when in 1848 it permitted Russia to meddle with Hungary. Had England then launched her thunder in favor of *non-intervention*, we think she might have relied upon the alliance of all her offspring, against the "solidarity" of despotism. It will now cost her much blood and treasure, before she can force upon the great mass of our voters, a belief and confidence that she is on the side of the people. We doubt Lord Aberdeen, and his order,—but do not doubt the British nation; and hope yet to see a fair marshalling, on opposite sides, of the powers of Despotism,—and the spirit of Liberty. Then the people of the United States of America will know which side to take.]—LIVING AGE.

#### AMERICAN AMBITION AND EUROPE'S DILEMMA.

In these times, when the influence of Race is becoming so acknowledged in the world's history, and is assuming so much importance in the present complications of European politics, there is little probability, we should think, of any one undervaluing the bond of relationship which links the British nation to their fellow-race of Anglo-Saxons in America. The same in blood, we are the same also in the spirit of our institutions. For the last seven years, also—ever since the famine and the commencement of the Exodus—our people have been settling in myriads on the western side of the Atlantic, creating new ties between the kindred peoples; while the triumphs of mechanical genius have kept pace with the wants of men, and are yearly shortening the time of transit, and virtually bringing nearer and nearer to each other the British and American shores. New York is as near to us now as Dublin and Edinburgh were to London in the boyhood of our fathers. Commerce and emigration flow between the kindred shores in ceaseless and rapid streams; and, were the eventualities of the war to demand it, a military expedition—thanks to the increased speed and still more greatly augmented size and number of our vessels—could cross from the New World to the Old with as little difficulty as our fathers equipped the expedition to Flanders, twice as easily as we

sent Wellesley and his army to their field of future fame in the Peninsula, and three times as easily as Abercrombie's force was landed to re-conquer Egypt from the French.

Providence never does anything without a purpose. Things move abreast of one another in this world of ours, in a way full of the deepest significance. And if one will but look back upon these last few years, which have thus drawn closer to each other the two great Anglo-Saxon empires, he will perceive that, simultaneously, there has been arising a peril for Freedom and Civilization, which it may be doubted if anything short of a union of these two Powers will suffice to resist. In 1848 we had a year of Revolutions—an unripe, and in some places unhallowed, but in others assuredly a most noble effort for liberty. But in 1849, as was natural, came the year of Reaction; and, since then, Absolutism has gone on strengthening itself, until now it overshadows almost the entire Continent. Britain alone, free from the madness of 1848, has escaped likewise the cold fit of reaction, and has proceeded unwaveringly in the path of increasing freedom and social amelioration. Day by day the Continent, swayed by its despots, is becoming more alien to us in spirit; and, year by year, under the influence of those causes which we have specified, the two free Anglo-Saxon empires are being placed in a position in which they can more effectually render that mutual support which is their due, which they must render sooner or later, and which the earlier they do the better for both.

On this midsummer day of 1854, when from East and West alike come murmurs of war and disquiet, "distress of nations, with perplexity," aroused by the troubled medley of intelligence that every hour flows in upon us, let us endeavor to rise above the shifting accidents of the moment, and, widening our views until the entire scene is before us, endeavor to discover some of the leading landmarks of the question, and the course which events are most likely to take.

The first glance at the troubled scene assures us that, as the last age was the age of colonial extension and the maritime supremacy of Great Britain, so the present is that of the march of empires and the extension of their power by land. In the New World, as in the Old, the phenomenon is the same; and any one must be struck by the singular parallelism at present exhibited by the two great rising Powers of either hemisphere. Russia, the great military power of the Old World, has of late been rapidly extending her frontiers. North, south, east, and west simultaneously has she been pushing forward her outposts. Finland, Poland, Bessarabia, and the Persian provinces on the Caspian, have

successively felt her appropriating hand; and now she is mustering the whole forces of her immense empire, with the daring project of marching over the crumbling empires of Islamism in the East, and of simultaneously bidding defiance to the banded strength of Western Europe. In the New World the United States have been progressing in a similar manner, though in a somewhat different spirit. Surrounded by comparative solitudes, they have rather had to subdue nature than to conquer men; and yet they have been about as good at the latter process as at the former. In the Boundary questions, they so bullied and overreached us, as to force from Britain a considerable sacrifice of territory both in New Brunswick and Oregon. They fought the Indians out of Florida, the Spaniards out of Texas; and compelled Mexico, at the point of the bayonet, to cede to them her golden province of California. Russia conquers by her massive battalions and her Machiavellian diplomacy,—America by her roving "squatters," at once the pioneers of Civilization and the trailblazers of the all-absorbing Republic. Overflowing the frontier-limits of the Union, these men squat upon the unoccupied lands of neighboring States; band after band they pour in, until the territory becomes half American;—then comes differences with the authorities of the country, followed in due time by an open rupture, at the end of which the territory is annexed by the victorious Yankees, and the Union finds a new "star" added to its mighty constellation.

Thus the great despotic Power of the Old World, and the great democratic one of the New are embarked on a similar career of conquest—each bearing southwards upon the territories of empires once powerful, but now sapless and effete, and which at once awake the cupidity and invite the attack of their colossal neighbors. Singularly enough, the motives which now prompt these ambitious Powers to action are not less kindred in character. With Russia, it is a dread of seeing a strong Greek or Turco-Greek State establish itself in Turkey, which would no longer leave an excuse for the Czar's interferences, and which might be able to set his power at defiance. With the United States the apprehension is lest Spain, acting in conjunction with England and France, should proclaim in Cuba a gradual emancipation of the slaves,—and so a bar be put to the acquisition of that coveted island by the American Republic, in consequence of the whole Negro race, 600,000 in number, being ready, if so emancipated, to fight to the death rather than yield to invaders who would mercilessly reimpose upon them the fetters of slavery.

As long as the strong States border upon weak, and the young jostles with the effete,

there is no hope of lasting peace: the territorial system which embraces such arrangements is necessarily transitory in its nature, and can never exist otherwise than in a state of unstable equilibrium. We do not wonder, therefore, that the tottering aspect and internal disunion of the Mohammedan empires of the East should tempt Russia to exert her giant strength against them, nor that the filibustering order of the Lone Star should cast the eyes of a bandit upon the American possessions of effete Spain. This was to be expected. Be it right or be it wrong, no rising empire has ever acted otherwise, from the days of Persia and Rome to the conquests of our own East India Company. But leaving the prospects of Europe to be treated of on some future occasion, let us give our attention to the probable results of American ambition upon the external and internal fortunes of the Union, and as most seriously complicating the *imbroglio* into which the whole civilized world seems on the point of falling.

In Autumn last it was quite visible to thoughtful observers that a feud had broken out between the eastern and western States of Europe which would not easily be healed. No such incentive as this was needed to set Young America on the move,—for its ambition is chronic, and ever on the lookout for opportunities; but once a new grievance against Spain was found, the knowledge of Europe's dilemma could not fail to strengthen the hands of the Annexationist party. This new grievance presented itself, or was made to present itself, in the "Black Warrior" affair—originally a perfect trifle, and moreover one in which the American skipper was unquestionably in the wrong. The seizure of this vessel at Havanna, for an infraction of the revenue laws of the port, furnished all that was wanted—a pretext. And as the affair is likely to prove one of historical importance, from the results which it promises to induce, we place on record an account of it, as furnished by a New York Journal:—

"The Black Warrior is an indifferent ship, owned mostly in Mobile, but partly in New York, and is worth some 125,000 dollars. She has run nearly two years between this port and Mobile, touching regularly at Havanna on her way coming and going. She has been allowed to enter and depart from Havanna without reporting her cargo to the authorities of that port, for that cargo has always been carried direct from New York to Mobile, or *vice versa* from Mobile to New York. The steamer has never landed at Havanna, nor received on board at that port any commodities of commerce whatever; her sole object in touching there having been to land or to receive passengers. The revenue authorities at Havanna have always perfectly understood this. It is not her case alone, but the case of the other steamers running from this city to



ports on the Gulf of Mexico and to the Isthmus. To prevent contraband trade, all these ships have always been put under surveillance from the time of their arrival till their departure. It has been perfectly well known that the *Black Warrior* and the other steamers carried cargoes, but they have been invariably passed through the Custom-house as 'in ballast.' This kind of entry has been permitted, notwithstanding a revenue law has always existed, requiring that a duty should be paid on the cargo of all vessels entering and departing from the port, although the vessel should neither land nor receive on board anything while there. The course of the *Black Warrior* and of our other steamers has, therefore, been in direct violation of the letter of the revenue laws of the port of Havana. These laws, however, not having been enforced against the *Black Warrior* during the thirty voyages she has made to that port, notwithstanding the knowledge of the authorities of the notorious violation of them, her owners and agents had some right to suppose, and to act upon the supposition, that there had been an actual suspension of them in respect to that ship. The law requiring the transit dues on the cargo having been totally suspended in practice, it was fair to expect that some notice would be given that the law would be revived, in case it were the intention of the authorities to revive and enforce it. If no such notice was given, the seizure of the *Black Warrior* and the confiscation of her cargo, are acts of flagrant injustice. But, on the other hand, if the authorities promulgated the fact that the law would be enforced, then no blame can attach to them for the seizure of the ship for further violation of it. The whole case turns, therefore, upon the fact of whether or not due notice was given of the revival of an obsolete law on port regulations in its application to the *Black Warrior*, which law by its sudden revival has resulted in the seizure of the ship and the confiscation of her cargo. The report from Mr. Robertson, the acting consul at Havana, affords good ground for the conjecture that the Spanish authorities intend to allege that such notice was given. On the other hand, the same document and the statement of the consignees of the ship go to show that such notice was not given."

This affair of the *Black Warrior* has been seized upon by the American Government, backed by the whole fillibustero party in the States, as a seasonable opportunity for advancing its pretensions over Cuba. M. Soule, an influential slaveholder and annexationist, as well as a fiery and high-handed diplomatist—a good deal in the Menschikoff style, indeed—has been appointed to represent the Union at the Court of Madrid; and recently a demand was made through him, that means of redress shall be afforded to the Cabinet of Washington, in all disputes between it and the American colonies of Spain, without having to incur the delays inseparable from an application to the Government of the mother country. If such a demand were conceded,

and the Americans became entitled to negotiate directly with Cuba, it is easy to foresee that unreasonable demands would be made upon the luckless "Queen of the Antilles;" and that, failing to obtain satisfaction in any case from the Cuban authorities, the Americans would proceed to enforce their claims by the law of the strongest. In the second week of May last, the Spanish Government returned an answer to M. Soule's last note, declaring that the demands of the American Ambassador were destitute of foundation, and wholly inadmissible; and although they conjoined with this answer certain offers of concession, so categorical a reply was calculated to bring the dispute to a crisis. President Peirce is said to be preparing an energetic address to the Senate on the subject. And to show the temper of that body, we may state that on the first of May, Senator Slidell, of the slave-state of Louisiana, delivered a fillibustero speech in reference to Cuba and the alleged "Africanization" of that Island contemplated by the European powers; ending with a motion to the effect that the President be authorized to suspend the Neutrality Laws, should he see fit, during the approaching recess of Congress: the real object of the proposal being, that the President shall have power to order an attack upon Cuba of his own authority, the instant such an enterprise is deemed expedient. And the Senate marked its tolerance of such a design, by referring Mr. Slidell's motion to the consideration of the committee on foreign relations.

Having thus picked a quarrel with one of the western powers of Europe, the Cabinet of Washington has since been every day showing stronger symptoms of a leaning towards Russia. As if in prospect of going to loggerheads with Spain and her allies, the *Washington Union*, the organ of the Government, has published a series of articles against the interests of England and France, and favoring those of Russia in the Eastern Question—one of the last of which articles occupies no less than five of its columns. The *Union* and *Pennsylvanian* are decidedly Russian in their politics. The former openly likens Cuba to Turkey, saying that the island is the "sick man" of the West; and the latter journal, which is semi-official, closes an article in favor of Russia, and against England and France, as follows:

"With no fear for any, there is danger to us from France and England, and hence the cause of American sympathies for Russia, whose successes can portend us no evil, and whose power, however aggrandized, contains no menace to our fortunes, no poison to our repose." So zealous and pertinacious is this advocacy of Russian interests, that charges have been openly made against certain of

these journals, of being subsidized by the agents of the Czar, and charges upon which a well-informed writer in the *Morning Chronicle* remarks: "We have no great belief in rumors of newspapers being bribed and journalists subsidized; but certainly there is something remarkable in the convictions of all well-informed Americans respecting the activity of Russian corruption in their country; and there is one widely-circulated Northern newspaper, now siding with Russia, which would lose no character by having a bribe brought home to it."

As might be inferred, from the conduct of the Government journals, the Government itself at present inclines to the side of Russia; and circumstances are not absent to indicate the want of friendliness towards the Western Powers. We are informed that Mr. Spence, the United States Ambassador at Constantinople, is about to be recalled, because "the Administration disapprove of his unqualified declaration to the Sultan in behalf of Turkey and her allies." The differences, also, between us and the Union regarding Central America and Honduras are unfortunately not yet wholly at an end, and the representatives of the Republic in those quarters seem to have a special love for creating embarrassing riots and disturbances.\* And by the last mail

\* "There is some anxiety with regard to a new treaty with Nicaragua, sent to Washington by Mr. Borland. So far as its provisions are concerned as a treaty of commerce, it is, probably, unobjectionable; but it is said that Mr. Borland has agreed with Nicaragua so to define the boundaries of the state of Nicaragua as to extend them over the Mosquito territory—the United States to guarantee Nicaragua in such boundary. If this objectionable clause be submitted to the Senate, it will lead to a hot debate, in the course of which more of Gen. Cass's amiable war speeches against England may be expected, and other violent speakers will be invoking the Monroe doctrine. But neither Mosquitia, England, Honduras, nor Costa Rica, all interested parties, have been consulted in the drawing up of the treaty, and all deny the right of Nicaragua to a single inch of the coveted territory—nay, England has held a protectorate over it for nearly three centuries! For the United States and Nicaragua thus to claim and seize the territory, would be about as rational and just as for France and Turkey to negotiate away a part of the kingdom of Persia."—*Correspondent of Morning Chronicle*.

This Mr. Borland, who is the United States minister at Nicaragua, is quite a firebrand, as may be learnt from the following details of an unfortunate occurrence near San Juan, Greytown. It appears that the authorities attempted to arrest one captain Smith, commander of the American river-steamer, Routh, when alongside the New York steamer, Northern Light. This was resisted, and Mr. Borland, being on board,

which has arrived from New York, we learn that the underwriters now insert the "war-clause" into all marine policies, in evident anticipation of a collision with some of the maritime Powers of Europe.

We regret to see the free Republic of the United States taking such a course, both for our own sakes and for hers. We regret it for our own sakes, and for the sake of civilization, because we believe that this Old-World war, and the strife of principles to which it is leading, will not be fought out without the intervention of America. There may be truces and armed peace for a year or years—breathing times for the antagonistic Powers to recruit their strength ere they continue the contest; but when we look at the forces of Liberty, and distinguish between those which are genuine, and which consequently may be permanently relied on, and those which are factitious, and which, under altered circumstances, may go over to the side of Absolutism, we believe that no satisfactory solution of the present crisis will be reached without the co-operation of our transatlantic brethren. That such intervention on the part of America will—*must* take place, when the real hour of need arrives, we make no doubt. By that time the real character of the struggle will have unmistakably revealed itself; and even should the American rulers desire to hold back from the strife, the people will then compel them to "draw and strike in,"—just as the popular voice in this country compelled the Aberdeen majority in the Cabinet to take up the gage of combat thrown down by the Czar. But America, we repeat, ere she win those new laurels, seems inclined to sully her past fame. Self-interest and honor, unfortunately, now beckon her in different directions; and we apprehend that the leaders of the United States, instead of showing themselves those champions of liberty which they affect to be, or even assuming the defiant air which they did in the Kossta affair with Austria—will

interfered, and said to the authorities, that "no authority recognized by the United States existed at Greytown to arrest any American citizen." A riot ensued, and Mr. Borland himself was for some time under a kind of duress, and struck by a glass bottle thrown at him from the crowd. No one else was hurt; and although fifty Americans armed themselves, yet there was no actual mischief. Further advices say that, during the trouble at Greytown and Mr. Borland's interference, the American consulate was mobbed, the consul fired at, and the destruction of the property of the Nicaragua Steam Company at Punta Arenas threatened. A force from the American steamer Pampero was sent to protect the property. But why should Mr. Borland have interfered to screen from the law a man charged with murder? Is that the business of a minister, or of justice?

prefer "minding their own business" at home, and regard the war in Europe simply as a means of improving their own position.

Let us be just. Until a people become warmed in a struggle—until the higher principles of their nature are called into play by the whirl of exciting events—*self-interest* is invariably the sole pole-star of a nation's policy. It is thus with the Americans at present. They are mere onlookers at the war in Europe. They do not see that it concerns them. As yet, it is not a strife of principles. Russia, indeed, boldly and shrewdly appeals to the German Courts as the champion of Absolutism, without whose support they could not stand a day against the slumbering wrath of their people; but the Western powers make no corresponding appeals to the popular feelings of Europe; and so the contest is proclaimed by us one of mere territorial arrangements, in which, of course, the American people can take little interest. With so good an excuse for apathy, we need not wonder that the calculating Cabinet of Washington should content themselves with turning the war in Europe to their own account—nay, that they should eagerly seize upon it as a hitherto unequalled means of carrying into effect their own projects of ambition.

Any lasting alliance between the United States and Russia is impossible, owing to the antagonism of the fundamental principle of these two empires; but it is not difficult to discern the causes which now induce the Cabinet of Washington to listen to the overtures of the Czar. The Russian Emperor has sent Count Medem as ambassador-extraordinary to the American Government; and it is reported, says the *New York Herald*, "that overtures have been submitted, on the part of Russia, to our Cabinet, proposing a new commercial treaty between the Czar and the United States,—comprehending a great reduction of duties upon articles entering Russian ports from American vessels, and such arrangements with the neutral ports of Prussia in the Baltic as will secure the transfer of legitimate goods between the two nations, without the risk of seizure and confiscation by the Allies." The *Herald* adds, "It is very certain that Russia, pending this struggle, is extremely desirous of keeping 'right side up' with the United States; and if, in doing it, she is willing to confer upon us certain extraordinary advantages in trade, why should we not accept them, as far as they may not involve us in her quarrel with England and France?" As Prussia cannot much longer maintain her position of neutrality, such a treaty—like most others offered by Russia—would be merely illusory; and moreover we question if the Western Powers, with all their toleration for the rights of neutrals, would

consent to recognize so transparent a subterfuge in favor of Russia as this. Probably not the least influential motive with the Czar in proposing such a treaty, is his expectation that the Western Powers will interpose their veto upon the arrangement, and so be brought into open collision with their natural ally on the other side of the Atlantic.

Another overture which the Czar is reported to have made to the Cabinet of Washington, is the cession of the American portion of his empire at a great bargain. This news is probably correct. The Emperor knows that we can seize upon that territory whenever we choose; and if we are rightly informed, instructions have already been despatched to our squadron in the Pacific to capture the southern and most valuable portion of that territory—namely, the Sitka Islands and adjacent coast, forming a narrow strip of territory interposing for six hundred miles between our British possessions and the sea. No time should be lost in taking this step—else we may find ourselves as much behindhand as we were fifty years ago in the case of Louisiana, which Napoleon sold to the Union as soon as he heard that we were fitting out an expedition against it. A land expedition too—and a single regiment would suffice—ought to be despatched with the same object from the Canadian frontier. The Canadians sympathize most heartily with the mother country in the war against Russia; and we have no doubt, that if a hint were but given from head-quarters, the powerful Hudson's Bay Company would, as a mere matter of profit, organize an expedition of their own, to capture the few Russian ports scattered over the territory, and extend the Company's domains quite up to the Straits of Behring. Half-a-dozen years ago, the whole population of Russian-America amounted to only eight thousand, of whom hardly six hundred were native Russians; and once this country were annexed, the mere visit of a sloop of war at intervals, to destroy any craft that the Russians might collect on the opposite side of the Straits, would suffice to keep our new territory beyond the reach of disturbance. We observe that several of the United States journals are strongly urging that the Czar's offer of sale should be accepted—first, as a means of "hemming in" the Hudson's Bay Company, and of giving a great advantage to their own hunters and fur-traders; and secondly, because "the addition to British Oregon of the islands and sea-coast lying north of latitude 54°, would make that colony so valuable to its owners, as to render its ultimate acquisition by the United States impossible, except from the chance of external war, or internal revolution." What a thirst for annexation has this young Republic!

Although such overtures, unmet by others from the opposite side, will doubtless have some weight with the calculating Americans, we should attach but little importance to them were it not that they are seconded by the lively jealousy, if not animosity, with which the Western Powers are at present regarded by a portion, at least, of the American Government. Covetous of Cuba, and incensed at Spain, the Americans look upon England and France as standing between them and their destined victim; and the idea naturally suggests itself, that no time could be so opportune as the present for braving the displeasure and hostility of these powers. Brother Jonathan sees England and France fettered and forced to strain every nerve in a gigantic contest at home; and though loath to drive things to extremity with such powerful maritime states, it is certain that he will persevere in his efforts to possess himself of Cuba. The *New York Herald* states that, upon the reassembling of Congress, President Peirce intends to send in a message representing the critical position of the relations with Spain, and proposing that two special commissioners be despatched with an *ultimatum* to Madrid to assist M. Soulé. "It is not believed that Spain will acquiesce in these demands, but it is supposed by the Administration that, by adopting this deliberate course, taken in connection with the proclamation against the filibusters, it will demonstrate to the world that the United States were not the aggressors; and when that is accomplished, war with Spain and the acquisition of Cuba will be a popular and extremely moral consequence." Despite the Government proclamation against illegal expeditions, we learn that it is "a known fact that men are nightly drilled at or near New Orleans, where a powerful secret expedition is said to be preparing against Cuba; and it is supposed that George Law's barque, *Grape-shot*, now lying at the Balize, at the mouth of the Mississippi, filled with arms and munitions of war, has some connection with the enterprise." Even supposing, then, that the irascible M. Soulé was to be gained over to the side of moderation, and peace be preserved between the Spanish and American Governments, there is still a great hazard that the "Lone Stars" and extreme party in the Southern States will take the matter into their own hands, and attempt to gain possession of the Queen of the Antilles by a buccaneering expedition.

Mr. Lyon, of New York, lately advised in the House of Representatives that they should "take prompt possession of Cuba, and negotiate afterwards." The enterprise we can assure him, is not so easy a one as he thinks, and every week is adding to its difficulties. From Spain we learn that a squadron is form-

ing at Cadiz, comprising nearly all the vessels of war at present in or near to the Spanish ports, destined to carry out a reinforcement of six thousand men to the troops in the West Indies, and to ward off any naval attack that may be attempted upon these colonies. A small portion of these troops has already been despatched in two post-office steamers, and the rest is to sail this month (June). The Madrid correspondent of the *Times* lately furnished the following information as to the defences of Cuba:—

"The Spaniards declare themselves determined to make a good fight in defence of Cuba. The reinforcement about to be despatched will raise the strength of the army in Cuba to nearly 30,000 men. Under the ministry of General Lersundi a very large number of Paixhans guns were sent out to strengthen the defences of the island, and great reforms were introduced in the arms of the infantry, previously of an antiquated and unserviceable description; I am assured that some of the best troops in the Spanish army are now in the island of Cuba. I am far from overrating the value of Spanish troops, having seen enough of them both in the field and in quarters to estimate them at what they are worth, and I do not believe that they could cope, on anything like equal terms, with English or French armies, nor do I think they would have much chance in the long run against the ill-disciplined but well-armed, utterly fearless, intelligent, self-relying volunteers with whom the United States are wont to operate when at war with their Spanish-American neighbors. But it were erroneous to confound Spanish troops with Mexicans—the most cowardly and worthless of soldiers—or to doubt that the former will fight well upon occasion, and would always do so if properly trained and officered. I think it extremely likely that a stout defence would be made, and that the possession of the forts especially would cost the Americans very dear. A good deal would depend on the artillery practice of the Spaniards, of the excellence of which they express themselves confident—a confidence by no means unlikely to be well-founded, since artillery is an arm to which great attention is paid in Spain, and much pains are taken with the education of its officers. The chief defence must be made by the land army; as to the naval squadron, although in numbers it appears respectable, and is to be reinforced by a portion of the vessels now in the Mediterranean, and although some people here expect great things from it, most of its vessels are small, and the Americans could quickly muster a force that would sweep it from the seas if it ventured from under the guns of the land batteries. Admitting, however, that the garrison of the island does its duty gallantly, but finds itself overmatched, it is not improbable that the Spaniards would arm first the Mulattos, who are numerous, and ultimately, if driven to extremity, a portion of the Blacks, the whole of whom they talk of setting at liberty, if all hope of preserving Cuba to Spain be extinguished. Another means upon which the Spaniards reckon

for annoying and grievously injuring the enemy, is the cloud of privateers which, under the Spanish flag, they expect would quickly cover the seas. It is possible that the consideration of the injury that might thus be done to their commerce may have weight with the United States, and combine with more elevated motives to make them pause before they drive a feeble enemy into a corner, and compel him to stand desperately at bay."

We sincerely trust that the "pacific settlement of the dispute which the writer here so hesitatingly hints at, may be attained—not for the mere sake of Cuba and Spain, but for the world-wide complications to which any other course must give rise. For, linked as England, France, and Spain are against Russia and her allies, it is impossible that the two former Powers can keep aloof if an attack be made upon the colonial possessions of their weaker ally. At the time that the Spanish Government returned its final answer to M. Soule's demands, the Madrid correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle* stated that "the correspondence on the Black Warrior affair had been communicated to the English and French Governments, and had drawn forth expressions of approbation from both of them of the conduct pursued by the Spanish Government on that subject; and that it was said that an intimation had been given of a willingness on their parts to guarantee Cuba to Spain under all circumstances, provided the latter sent a corps of 20,000 troops to co-operate with those of England and France in Turkey." We do not place much reliance upon the accuracy of this report, nevertheless we incline to think that it indicates pretty correctly the spirit in which England and France are inclined to regard the question.

The French Government makes no secret of its intention to support Spain in the event of any attack upon Cuba; and it is a month and more since the *Washington Union* announced that the French admiral, Count Duesne, would shortly arrive at Havanna—adding, "it is said that he has pledged himself to the Captain-General of Cuba to render him the use of his entire fleet in the event of any difficulty breaking out with the United States." A few days later we read in an English journal, "All Cuba is quiet. The Captain-General has given several dinner-parties to the French Commodore, and the aid of France is relied on to defend the island against the United States. A great state ball was to be held, and all the French and English officers were invited." The French Emperor, indeed, has declared his resolution to stand by Spain, and to offer the same resistance to unjust aggression in the New World as in the Old. Circumstanced as he is, it is hard to see how he can do otherwise. If he,

the champion of Turkey against Russia, refuse to assist his own neighbor and ally, Spain, in repelling a similarly unjust aggression on the part of the United States, Spain will undoubtedly secede from the Western alliance; and, however insignificant may be the value of Spain as a fighting ally against Russia, she would prove a most perilous thorn in the side of France were she to give heed to the ever-crafty overtures of the Czar. Imperial France, then, must join Spain and go to war with the United States, in the event of the latter attempting to seize upon Cuba; and the next and vitally important question is, what will Great Britain do? It is little more than two years since, in union with France, she proposed to America a Tripartite treaty for securing Cuba to Spain,—will she be able now, when doubly linked to her neighbor Powers, to confine her intervention simply to phrases and negotiations, and "paper pellets of the brain?" When our powerful and indispensable ally, Napoleon III., declares that he finds it necessary for the interest of France and of his throne to side with the Court of Madrid, and calls upon us in the spirit of the offensive and defensive alliance between the two countries, to take a similar course, what reply will the British Government make?

This is a grave dilemma for the Western Powers—it is a Gordian-knot, which requires delicate handling. It is a serious matter to go to war with the United States when we have already a most formidable foe upon our hands. We are as yet only at the outset of this war in Europe, which we fear is destined to assume still more formidable proportions. And if Britain and France are to maintain the faith of treaties in the New World as they are doing in the Old, they will need to get ready new fleets, new armies, and a new transport-service—things which most certainly may be accomplished, but which are so arduous and costly as may well make us pause and scan carefully all contingencies. To break with the United States would be to break with the only genuinely free empire in the world save our own, and one upon which, we believe, we shall ultimately have to rely for support in our struggle with Continental Absolutism; yet would it be a less serious thing for us, in the outset, to break up the alliance of the Western Powers, and see France and Spain withdraw from the struggle with the Northern Colossus.

Before looking further into this dilemma, it is necessary to glance at the state of affairs in Spain itself—for it seems to us that changes are approaching in that country which, if they do happen, cannot fail to occasion a total revolution in our alliances. The revolts which have been occurring in the Peninsula since autumn last, though unsuccessful, suffice to show the chronic state of discontent which



prevails. In Spain, particularly, things have been steadily going from bad to worse; and although the Government may attempt to arrest the decline of its influence by *coups-d'état*, such violent and unnatural remedies will only bring matters to a more decisive crisis at last. In many respects there is a striking parallelism between the present state of Spain and that which, in 1807, induced Napoleon to invade the country and drive the Bourbons from the throne. The same licentiousness reigned in the palace then as now — only at present it exists still more shamelessly and notoriously. At that time, there was but one favorite, Godoy; but now there is a succession of them; and the very rabble of Madrid point the finger of scorn at the queen and her sister pass along the streets. The spirit of loyalty is the deepest and most ardent feeling in the breast of a Spaniard; yet so unbridled and undisguised is the licentiousness at Court, that though amidst the royal profligacy of 1807 the people's loyalty was hardly at all impaired, at present it is all but extinct. There was a king then — weak-minded, indeed, but still a king — around whom the loyalty of the country might rally; but there is only an imbecile king-consort now; and the fortunes of the throne hang perilously upon the character of a female sovereign. Moreover, there was then a grown-up heir to the throne, the Prince of Asturias; whereas now there is only a female child of three years old, whose legitimacy and right to the throne would not fail to be questioned were the Carlist party again to unfurl the standard of rebellion.

And besides all this, the old, but now proscribed Salic law of succession is still regarded with favor by a large portion of the community, who, so far as the dignity of the Crown is concerned, have anything but gained by the opening up of the succession to the female line.

By their *coup-d'état* and dissolution of the Chambers last spring, the Spanish Government succeeded in gagging the powerful opposition which was preparing against them in the Legislature; but the unpopularity of the Cabinet is at present greater than ever. Financial embarrassments are the most fertile of all causes of revolution, by at once discontenting the people and weakening the Government's power of repressing disorders. In Spain this most fundamental of all species of embarrassments is at present pretty near a crisis; and the recent "run" on the Bank was not more a measure of opposition to the Ministry, than a natural consequence of the embarrassed and very unsettled state of the country. The *Heraldo*, the organ of the Prime Minister, M. Sartorius, declares that the Government will "burn its last cartridge" before yielding to the exactions of the "rebels," whatever form they may assume, — but the unpopularity

of the Cabinet is universal; and a letter from a good authority at Madrid says: "It is impossible to exaggerate the universal hatred in which the Ministry is held. This is so great that I doubt whether Spain will be a possible residence for the members of the present Cabinet when it shall be dissolved, and whether they will not be compelled (no matter who succeeds them) to quit their country and their places at one and the same time. They have contrived to disgust and offend everybody, even many of their own partisans."

But Spain's dangers are not all internal. The discontent within is fomented from without. The more we study Russian diplomacy — and we have studied it and watched it closely — the more it appears at the present crisis to be ubiquitous. We find it represented by dozens of agents in the United States, spying out the land, fitting out privateers,\* and whispering into the ear of the young Republic at once of fresh profits and of new power. We find it — do not start, good reader, for this is a fact — pretending to fraternize with the Red Republicans of Italy, in order to raise them against Austria, should the bold-hearted young emperor dare to cast off the dictatorial influence of the Czar. Within the last three months these ubiquitous emissaries of this most Machiavellian Despotism that ever cursed the world, have made their appearance both in Spain and Portugal, in such numbers as to be generally alluded to, though apparently but little thought of, by the press. It is not difficult to divine the object of their mission. Our readers cannot have forgotten the swarm of Russian nobles and officers, including several members

\* We hear, by the last intelligence from New York, that certain vessels have been purchased by the agents of Russia, and sent to some place to be fitted out as privateers, and that vessels of that questionable character are now on the ocean. The writer adds, that "as there is no port to which they can carry prizes," they will confine themselves to the seizure of specie and the destruction of property; in other words, should one of these pirates have the good fortune to meet an unarmed Australian treasure-ship, it would take the specie, scuttle the ship, and, perhaps, make the crew and passengers "walk the plank," to prevent any disagreeable evidence from ever turning up. It is further said that these vessels will sail under American colors, in the expectation that, if a British cruiser made a capture of them, the national jealousy of the American people would be offended, and a cause of difference would be opened between England and the United States. There is only one way of dealing with the question, and that is by following the example set by the American Government in 1846, when President Polk, in his annual message to Congress, declared that he would treat all privateers, whether commissioned or not, as pirates and robbers. We therefore hope, should any of these Russian pirates, sailing under American colors, fall into the hands of our cruisers, that they will be taught a lesson which may deter similar attempts from being ever again made.

of the Czar's own family, who in June last began to take up their quarters at the various German courts, at Paris, and in England. Health, the baths, change of air, was the excuse generally made for these unusual visits, and they were almost universally regarded at the time as omens of peace; but the whole movement is now seen to have been a *ruse*, and for purposes of intrigue and diplomacy. We need have no hesitation in ascribing the presence of these Russian visitors in the Peninsula to still more decidedly sinister motives. The Czar, we dare say, does not expect to gain Spain in such a way as to obtain direct military assistance from her in the struggle—nor is she capable of giving such; but he perceives that she may be made the means of distracting the attention and energies of France. The outbreak of a Carlist war, or commotions in Spain, would weaken the power of the French emperor, either for attack or defence, by compelling him to assemble an army along the frontier of the Pyrenees, either for observation, or for actual interference in the distracted Peninsula. That there are elements for such a Carlist rising in Spain, will be seen from the following editorial communication in a Barcelona journal:—

A person who has just arrived from France, and who, we believe, relates faithfully what he has seen, has given us the information which we are about to publish, as it coincides with the accounts given recently on the same subject by some of the Madrid journals.

Various Carlist emigrants, who were in Italy, have entered France. The person alluded to has seen a considerable number entering, who came from Nice and its neighborhood, and perhaps much further off. He spoke with some at Draguignan and other French towns. Although the French Government generally sends them into the interior, and destines them to Valence, some of them contrive to remain at Avignon. Marsal is at the latter place; he has a store of hempen goods, and goes frequently to Montpellier, and sometimes as far as Perpignan.

"All the Carlists who enter have the commission of officers, and also certificates, which they call rewards for valor and sufferings. These documents have the signature of Arevalo, who entitles himself Captain-General of Aragon, Valencia, and Murcia, and *ad interim* of Catalonia.

"In the conversations which some of them had with him, they stated that they had orders to approach Spain, because the Eastern war will offer an occasion to the Carlist party to take advantage of the aid which Russia will give it.

"This is what has been related to us. We are not of those who think that a Russian army may come to place Montemolin on the throne, nor of those who conceive that the Carlist emigrants are numerous enough to form an army. Whoever reflects on the number of Carlists who have been able to remain in France, considering

those who took refuge there when their forces were dissolved, and those who, with the knowledge of the Government, have returned to their country, will know that there might perhaps, be a nucleus for a future organization, but not an invading force.

"But if we do not fear those who may return from Italy, we think that the Government ought not to lose sight of certain Absolutist organizations and plans in the interior, with ramifications abroad; that there are vast affiliations in all countries against the cause of liberty, and against the representative system; that money can do a great deal at the present epoch; and that certain propagandas, which assuredly do not desire to maintain the Constitution, dispose of large sums. This is what inspires us with mistrust—although, in truth, it would give us little care, if unfortunately we had not observed for years that the Government does not seek to prevent terrible evils which threaten for the future."

It is now six months since these remarks appeared in the Spanish journal from which they are extracted. They attracted little attention at the time; but the whole tenor of subsequent events—the increasing unpopularity of the Queen and the Ministry, the embarrassment of the national finances, the influx of Russian agents, and the revolts at Saragossa and Barcelona, which the latest accounts represent of a Carlist complexion, and on the eve of again breaking out—may enable our readers to appreciate the significance of the above statements of the Spanish editor. Indeed a despatch from Madrid has just been received, to the effect that serious apprehensions are entertained of an *émeute* in the capital itself.\* We have said that any convulsion in Spain cannot fail to subserve the interests of Russia, by distracting the attention and military forces of the French Emperor. But any such revolution must, as events indicate, be a Carlist one,—for Spain is royal to the heart, and will not part with one sovereign without getting another of the same line. Now, were the Carlists, backed by Russian gold, to prove successful over the lukewarm adherents of the present unsuspected Sovereign, the Count de Montemolin, son of Don Carlos—a prince in the prime of life, being in his thirty-sixth year—would indubitably mount the throne. The state of Spain always does, and always must deeply affect its neighbor, France, and a different *regime* cannot long exist in the two countries without producing a rupture. It was a perception of this truth that made Louis XIV. engage in the

\* "Madrid, June 8.—Alarming rumors of an outbreak for to-day have been spread during the last two days, but everything has been perfectly tranquil. It is now said that the rising has been postponed for a week. It is said, also, that some arrests were made last night amongst the officers of the garrison, but this is not true."

long any bloody War of the Succession, by which he strove to establish a Bourbon dynasty and regime in Spain; it was a similar feeling that made Napoleon dethrone the Spanish Bourbons, and attempt to establish his own family in their stead; and finally, it was the same cause (a regard for his own safety) which compelled Louis XVIII. to invade Spain in 1823, to put down the revolution, and re-establish the tottering cause of Legitimacy and Absolutism. If, then, a Carlist revolution be accomplished in Spain, the effect upon France cannot fail to be most detrimental to the fortunes of the French Emperor. Legitimacy—backed by the priests, who at heart support it to a man—is still strong in France; and should anything befall Louis Napoleon (which may Heaven forbid), a Bourbon will certainly re-ascend the throne. For, the French people, frightened to death by the Red spectre of anarchy and Socialism, will accept any form of government rather than relapse into the horrors of revolution; and the Count de Chambord is the only man of mark, *vice* Louis Napoleon, to whom the country can turn its eyes; and he will, moreover, be backed by the whole influence of the Absolutist Courts on the Continent; and, if any one doubts as to what would be the policy pursued by Henri Cinq, let him recollect (what we pointed out in the opening article of last number) that the last act of Charles X., before he was driven from the throne, was an agreement with the Emperor Nicholas, in virtue of which *Russia was to take possession of Turkey—and France, with Russian help, be aggrandized at the expense of Britain!*

Do not let it be imagined that these are speculations reaching too far into the future to be of much immediate moment. They are inevitable deductions from the events and influences which we see in play around us at this very hour. They are the very first elements to be considered by our statesmen, in the present unparalleled dilemma of Europe. If the United States attack Cuba, France *must* join Spain,—and then what are we to do? Bound as we are to France by the closest ties of alliance and self-interest, how are we to sever from her on so vital a point as this, without breaking up the alliance against Russia? Are we to frustrate the prospective natural alliance and help of America, or are we to abandon our present and indispensable allies of France and Spain? Such is the choice presented to us;—was there ever one more fraught with peril and embarrassment? A Carlist revolution in Spain would put a new complexion on the matter, and justify our non-interference; but the position of France and England, though relieved of the American difficulty by such a revolution, would be made proportionably

worse as regards the European difficulty, by the secession of Spain to the cause of Absolutism and Legitimacy. The Emperor Napoleon's is a life as precarious as it is valuable, and it behooves us to take care how we enter upon undertakings from which France would recede as soon as she has lost the remarkable man who now directs her counsels.

Such is the dilemma in which Europe and the cause of freedom are now placed by the ambition of the American Republic. And if we believed that this were all the truth, if we believed that nothing remained to the Western Powers but an appeal to the generosity of America, we should indeed consider the dilemma a most hopeless one. But the case is not so; and it is clear to us that if the Americans persevere in their present design—if they are resolved to win for themselves, for all time, the ignominy of the sarcasm, that *Freedom's extremity is America's opportunity*—it will be at a heavier cost to them than mere loss of character. Nothing, indeed, could be more propitious than the external relations of the Union at present in this respect: to use a French phrase, it is completely "master of the position." But its internal condition presents a very different aspect. If a mingled terror of Absolutism on the one hand, and Red Republicanism on the other, now paralyzes the strength of Europe, and threatens only to be exchanged for an actual and barbarizing struggle between these opposite powers, America, on her side, is not free from corresponding elements of strife and convulsion. Slavery is the Gordian-knot of the New World; which *must* be solved some day; and there is too much probability that it will be violently cut rather than quietly unloosed. Three millions of a colored race—not ignorant Negroes, fresh from the sands of Africa, but who have lived for several generations in contact with civilization, and in the veins of a large proportion of whom runs the best blood in the Union; not all with the sooty-black and blubber-lips of the Negro, but passing through every shade of color, feature, and intellect, and not a few of them rivalling, in all respects, the best specimens of the Caucasian race; and hence not leaderless, but abounding in men of talent and resolution, whose hot passions boil at being trodden under foot by men whose blood is hardly different from their own;—such a race, we say, cannot be kept for ever in their present state of galling servitude. The southern planters—and from their point of view they are probably right—are resolved to make no concessions to the slave population. At present, their policy in this matter is reactionary; their measures more stringent than ever—a course which must lead to a more violent solution of the question at last.

Now, whenever such a crisis comes, it will

paralyze the United States. Be they as ambitious as they may, as covetous and resolved on foreign conquest as it is possible for them to be, no sooner does the crisis of the slavery question approach than it will paralyze their strength for external effort. As to the ultimate effects of this eventuality upon the fabric of the Union, we now speculate nothing. We content ourselves with affirming that, when it comes, it will temporarily paralyze the whole external power of the United States. And such an event, we shall now show, is sufficiently visible in perspective to form a vital element of consideration in an estimate of the present position of the Union—especially as regards the contemplated attack upon Cuba, with which it seems to us to be closely connected.

Before noticing the indignation and popular irritation which the Nebraska Bill is at present producing in the Northern States, or the danger with which any attack upon Cuba is fraught to the South itself, let us understand the relative position of political parties in the Union. And here it is important to observe, that the Whigs and Democrats of America are really Northern parties; and that the Southerners are a separate interest, as absorbed in support of slavery as the Irish Brigade in our Parliament is in behalf of Romanism, and coalescing with either of the other parties, which bid highest for its support. It is by steadily acting upon the principle that the slave-holders have repeatedly managed, since the beginning of the century to win a losing game. Hardly had the Union fairly started on its career, when it became evident that the Free States were rapidly distancing in point of wealth and population, and consequently representation, their slave-owning competitors. A few years more, and a feeble band of Southern representatives might have found themselves contending in Congress against a powerful majority of Northern opponents, eager to accomplish the abolition of slavery. The peril, however, was averted by the counsels of a series of politic leaders, the last of whom was that most remarkable of modern American statesmen, John C. Calhoun. To counterbalance their weakness, the Southern delegates took advantage of the political dissensions of the North, and put up their votes to the highest bidder,—the price being respect for Southern institutions, or, in other words, tolerance for Slavery. Both Whigs and Democrats have constantly competed for this powerful ally; and in this way the Missouri Compromise was effected in 1820, in virtue of which slavery was allowed to establish itself in any new State south of a certain latitude (36deg. 30min.), on condition that all new States to the north of that line should be "free soil." A great strife arose,

twenty years later, when California (which lies half to the north and half to the south of this line) came to be added to the Union; but ultimately it was resolved that that State should be allowed to fix its own constitution. In this matter the free-soilers only held their own ground,—but now they are totally worsted by the success of the Southerners in carrying the famous Nebraska Bill, which has just passed through both Houses of the American Legislature.

The purport of this measure is to abolish the Missouri Compromise, by extending the limits within which slavery may be established. The territory of Nebraska is a vast tract of land, extending from Missouri to the Rocky Mountains, which has lately been cleared and settled on to such an extent as to entitle it to be recognized as an integral part of the Union. By its position to the north of the Compromise-line, it belongs indubitably to the region of freedom, and accordingly the Abolitionists demand that it should be formed into a Free-soil State. But the Southern delegates made a desperate and ingenious onset—alleging, that in case of California the Compromise was virtually abolished, and all States, whether north or south of the line, left free to choose their own constitution. The Free-soilers deny that such was the case, and moreover affirm that the proposal to allow Nebraska to choose its own constitution only presents an appearance of liberty of choice, while in reality it is a coercive measure. The bill, it seems, virtually places the form of Government at the disposal of Congress, by giving to the President (who is a strong pro-slavery man) the power of appointing the first governor and judges of the new State, and by so limiting the right of suffrage as to place all *who are not naturalized* on a level with slaves as to political rights. And thus, it is alleged, looking at the character of the territory, the election of the representatives of Nebraska will fall into the hands of the planters—the emigrants not being naturalized—and, consequently, having no right to exercise the franchise. That some such result is contemplated may be inferred from the eagerness of the slaveholding party to carry the measure.\* In the House of Representatives it gave rise to the most violent altercations; and so great was the opposition of the minority that the majority adopted the despotic, though perhaps excusable step of bringing the debate to a compulsory close. To give an idea of the fierce animosity of the proceedings, we may quote the following:—

"In a sitting which lasted from noon on Thursday (11th May) to twenty minutes to

\* By the last mail we learn that, "according to the Western journals, the emigration of slaveholders to Nebraska was very extensive."

twelve on the Friday night, such a violent dispute arose, that but for the interference of the Sergeant-at-Arms, a fight would instantly have ensued, and probably would have become general. The Washington correspondent of the *Tribune* states that several members now wear arms in the House. In the sitting on the 15th a quarrel arose between Mr. Hunt and Mr. Craigie, and it was expected that a hostile meeting would take place, but when the packet left they had not been able to settle who was the person insulted. According to the correspondent of the *Tribune*, one of the deputy-speakers (for the Speaker cannot retain the chair during a thirty six hours sitting) has begun to limit those who address the House to half the usual time, and 'exact from them a promise to make no motion for adjournment as a consideration for his giving them the floor.' On the 15th a resolution was agreed to, by 114 against 59, that the debate be closed on the following Saturday at noon."

A conviction that in gaining this point they gain not only additional strength, but a precedent for the future measures of the same kind, induced the legislative Halleys and Legares to put forth their whole strength; and they have succeeded—the Nebraska Bill now only awaiting the assent of the President (which will be readily given) to become the law of the land.

The Northern States are naturally much exasperated at the passing of this Bill. It is an affront to their institutions,—an open violation of the Act of Compromise,—and a fresh opportunity for slavery to extend its baleful dominion. The temper of the people is far from quiescent, and Fugitive-Slave-Law riots have broken out with increased bitterness and determination. The most remarkable of these were those which took place at Syracuse and Boston on the 26th May. At the former of those places, the Abolitionists, learning that a fugitive would pass through the town in custody of the United States' Marshal, the bells were tolled, and a crowd of some thousand persons assembled at the railway-station to effect a rescue. The slave, however, had escaped from his gaolers into Canada, and the crowd retired, "evidently disappointed." At Boston it was a much more serious business,—blood having been shed, cannons planted in the streets, and the whole scene being one more suited to the worst-governed countries of the Old World than to Anglo-Saxon America. A local authority thus narrates the affair:—

"The Abolitionists, hearing that a slave named Burns had been arrested, called a meeting at Faneuil-hall, at which a resolution was adopted, to attend at the court-room when the examination took place. While this was going on at Faneuil-hall, a large crowd of negroes collected about the court-house, and an emissary was despatched to the white men's meeting, informing

them that the building in which the slave was confined was about being stormed. The mob at this time had reached several thousand, when a desperate assault was made upon the building, a huge piece of timber serving the purpose of a battering-ram in demolishing the door. Stones and other missiles were freely used, and pistol shots fired; but just as the storming party were on the point of forcing an entrance into the court-house, a body of police rushed upon them, captured about a dozen of the most active ring-leaders, and finally succeeded in dispersing the mob and restoring order. During the riot one of the special officers of the United States' marshal was shot dead. At midnight two military companies reached Court-square, and were quartered at the City-hall and at the court-house. A large force was detached for duty during the night, including an entire regiment of the Massachusetts Militia, which had been called out for duty. On the 29th the excitement continued to be very great. An association from Worcester, called the 'Freedom Club,' was in town all that day, and held a meeting at the Tremont Temple in the evening, where several highly inflammatory speeches were made. At five o'clock in the afternoon it was estimated that not less than 10,000 people surrounded the Court-house. The military remained on duty. Theodore Parker preached a discourse on Sunday, in which he denounced the commissioner. A handbill was in circulation in Boston, stating that the sum demanded for the purchase of Burns, the fugitive, had been raised by subscription, but that Colonel Suttle refused to sell the man.

In spite of the proved *alibi*, the victim was surrendered. The square was cleared by the military, and cannon planted. The mayor would not permit the tolling of the bells in the city; but the country towns and villages thus sounded the dirge of the liberties of Massachusetts. Placed within a hollow square of armed police, and guarded by marines, infantry, and artillery, the poor negro, whose name will live in history, was removed to the harbor, escorted by twenty thousand citizens. Persons thronged the wharves who had come eighty miles from the interior to see one who will probably be found to have been the innocent occasion of the greatest events that have befallen the Union since its formation. He was embarked about three, P. M., on Friday, June 2nd, and the steamer immediately departed for Virginia. The standards of the troops were hissed, and the American flag was hung out in Court-street, draped in mourning. Every newspaper shows that the excitement is spreading, and that the free states are vigilantly on their guard against kidnappers."

The correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle* thus shows the connection of those formidable riots with the recent policy of the slaveholding party:—

"This sudden and powerful hostility against the Fugitive Slave Law has been called into action by the passage through Congress of Senator Douglass's very imprudent Nebraska Bill, which not only permits the existence of Slavery by a



vote of the people in Nebraska and Kansas, but it absolutely and for ever annuls the Missouri Compromise to the effect that there should be no slavery in any new territory north of latitude thirty-six degrees thirty minutes. How true and unanswerable is the remark of anti-slavery statesmen, who contend that if the Missouri Compromise could be thus easily broken, they should claim a revocation and abrogation of the latter compromise which contains the obnoxious Fugitive Slave Law! Besides, the North feels that it has made humiliating concessions to the South on almost every point, and that it is time for Northern policy to be recognized and respected. The feeling between the two sections of the Union is stronger than it ought to be, and should the South push their claims much further, it will soon be found that the Boston fugitive slave riot is but the *beginning of the end*."

It is not to be wondered at that the Anti-slavery party should feel thus alarmed and indignant at the progress of their opponents. They not only see the Slave-party at present in the ascendant, and resolved to push their success to the utmost, but they know, too, in regard to Texas, that a clause was caused to be inserted in the treaty of annexation by Mr. Calhoun, pledging the Government of the United States to create three or four States out of Texas, as soon as the territory should be sufficiently populated; and although no one supposed at the time that the South would ever be strong enough to exact the fulfilment of that stipulation, the Free-soilers now begin to look with alarm at the prospect of this great addition to the strength of their domineering antagonists. The general feeling is, that the Slave-party will be content with nothing short of absolute supremacy; and, even before the passing of the Nebraska Bill, Mrs. H. B. Stowe, who is probably as clear-headed an observer as she is an animated and gifted writer, thus expressed her sentiments to a friend in this country, as to the apparently approaching crisis between the North and the South:—

"Andover, March 16, 1854.

In regard to the present state of the Anti-slavery cause, you must have perceived ere this from the American prints, that a crisis of great magnitude has arrived which is arousing this country to its lowest depths.

The infamous Nebraska Bill, by which in effect the whole unoccupied territory of the United States is given up to slavery, has now passed the Senate, and will soon be before the House. No event since the time of our revolution has produced such a sensation, or promised so thoroughly to arouse the whole northern States to the real nature and plans of the southern slave power. It is now plainly seen that the policy of slavery is extension, and that this movement is nothing less than a plan to extend this desolating curse over the whole country. All parties

in the northern States are arousing, conventions and mass-meetings, without respect of party, are constantly being held, and remonstrances, petitions, and memorials being sent by every mail. The clergy of New England, of all denominations, have sent to Congress a mammoth protest, having three thousand signatures. Besides this, various religious bodies have protested, and the clergymen of New York city, of all denominations, have united in a protest, and, in some cases, conventions of clergymen have been called for the special purpose of considering what is to be done.

In this state of things it is impossible to speak definitely of the results. We can only see that a wide and vast agitation is coming up, whose results are of incalculable importance, and whose extent no mortal eye can foresee. The whole force of the slave power is now concentrated on the one design—to seize the whole power and influence of the nation, and use them for the upholding of slavery; to avert the intolerable pressure of public sentiment by spreading it over the whole country, and using all the material wealth and prosperity which freedom has given as a cloak and sanction under which slavery may, for years to come, prolong its existence.

Never was liberty more seriously and more deliberately menaced; but God is on the side of right, and right at last must prevail. My trust is, that this agitation shall precede the final destruction of the evil.—Very truly yours,

H. B. STOWE."

The Free-soilers say truly, that the ambition of the Slaveholders is insatiable. Not content with this triumph in regard to the Nebraska Bill, and the prospective addition to their strength from the new States to be created in Texas, the leading men of the South are bent upon annexing Cuba as a fresh trophy of their power. The island is large and populous enough to cut up immediately into three or four Slave States; and besides a teeming soil and luxuriant crops, it bears on its surface a population of slaves whom it would be most profitable to capture. The annexation of Cuba, indeed, would secure to the South the same superiority in actual strength, which the passing of the Nebraska Bill has restored it in moral position. For this most sufficient reason it is that the sagacious politicians of the Southern States are foremost in adding fuel to the fast-spreading popular excitement against Spain. The North is far from viewing such projects with indifference; and one of the most powerful organs of the Abolitionists in New York, in some judicious remarks on this subject, warns the South "to mind its eye;" but unfortunately nothing short of the most pressing emergency will suffice to unite the factions of the North against their united and energetic rivals: and, as in the case of Texas and of the Mexican war, the plans of the South are generally accomplished before the feeling of the North is ef-

fectually roused to resentment and resistance.

The very success of the South, however, is now endangering its position: it is challenging a crisis—and a crisis will come. And we believe that, if the Annexationists succeed in their contemplated rape of Cuba, the event will infallibly be followed by a reaction against Slavery which will shake the Federation to its centre. The filibusters of the South need not expect to find an easy conquest in Cuba; and, as we have shown, rather than yield the island to the invaders, the Spaniards have resolved to set free the Negroes, who will fight to the death sooner than submit to American Planters. No one who knows the history of St. Domingo, and the exploits of Toussaint l'Ouverture and his blacks against the best troops of France, will think lightly of such a struggle. And once this slave-war is commenced, *who is to guarantee that it will not spread?* Is King Soulouque and his black subjects—so enamored of fighting, that nothing but foreign intervention keeps them from constant warring against the European portion of St. Domingo—to remain apathetic while the neighbor-island of Cuba is being conquered by the enemies of their race? And what forbids—now that, under the pressure of the war in Europe, we have withdrawn our wonted garrisons from the West Indies—that the Negroes in our own colonies should rise in support of their brethren fighting in Cuba? Nay, in such circumstances, may not the flame of revolt extend to the mainland, and a slave-rebellion arise in the heart of the Southern States themselves? And, finally, in such a case, what degree of help can the South expect from the North? and are the Abolitionists and Free-soilers in a temper just now to aid heartily in putting down an insurrection which, if let alone, would effectually make an end of slavery in the New World?†

Such considerations, it seems to us, ought to teach all parties in the United States, and especially the hot-headed men of the South, to consider well before they rush into a war with Spain, or seize upon the inviting but perilous opportunity for "annexation," now afforded by the war in Europe. They fancy, doubtless, that by so doing they will steal a

march upon the Western Powers—but a calm inspection of the facts leads rather to the supposition that they will only be overreaching themselves. There is a Nemesis in human affairs; and at present it seems hovering over the destinies of the Anglo-American States. Let them ignore the ties of blood and the sympathies of freedom—let them turn from their Mother-country and her allies, and seek only to wring a profit from our necessities—let them, the champions of liberty, play into the hands of the despotic Czar, and, intent only on their own aggrandizement, snatch at the colonial possessions of Spain; and in that very hour, we believe, they will themselves be stabbed to the heart. In that very hour, and in the very act of seizure, their strength, like the outstretched arm of the idolatrous king of Israel, will be blasted by the fiat of Divine vengeance.

We have reached the limits of our space—yet there is much that we ought to say. We have great faith in America. We know that sooner or later her people will perceive their true *role*, and demand with one voice to stand up for freedom and Anglo-Saxonism throughout the world. It is for the outset of their career alone, in this strange crisis, that we tremble. Russian despotism has resolved to acknowledge no law but the law of the strongest, and will accordingly have to wade to her conquests through the blood of her myriads, and amid the unspeakable horrors of a whole continent in war and commotion; but let not American freedom follow so ignoble and so self-pernicious an example. To the calm contemplator of events, the New World is already seen destined to be hers from the Canadian lakes to the Isthmus of Darien. Let, then, America go but honestly to work, and the triumph will be hers without a blow. Let but her overflowing settlers spread peacefully among the indolent populations of Central America; let her deploy among them her energy, her wealth, and the marvels of mechanical invention and industrial civilization; let her show to them the usefulness as well as true nobility of free institutions, and even the somnolent offspring of Spain will awake from their long torpor, and grow desirous of imitating so noble an example. And so at length, tired of the alternate anarchy and despotism to which they have been subjected, and inoculated alike with American blood and American feelings, the Spanish States will willingly enrol themselves as component parts of the Union, and thus bring the frontiers of the vast confederacy to the southern limits of the North American continent.

England is not the rival of the United States. The blood of the two nations is, in reality, not more akin than are their interests. Look at India and Australia, with Aden, the

\* The restless men of the South do not confine their projects to Cuba alone, but have already cast covetous eyes upon the territory of King Soulouque. By the latest news, it is confidently reported that an agent has been sent to the republic of Dominica, in the island of St. Domingo, to treat about annexation. If such agent succeed, the entire island will soon follow, as the Emperor Soucoule's sceptre would probably be stricken from his grasp.

† At least in its present form, which is a system of caste the most rigid the world ever saw.

Ionian Islands, Malta, and Gibraltar, like connecting links between, and it will be seen that it is the Eastern, and not the Western isthmus of the world, that is the true quarter for British jealousy, the true polestar to direct the future efforts of England. Let not, then, the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race be jealous and quarrelsome for nought. We have no interests in Central America to compare with those at stake in the Old World. Let both parties be frank and open. Let us explicitly renounce all intention of pushing our own interests, or thwarting those of the United States, in Central America; and our transatlantic brethren, jealous though they be, will cease their superfluous intriguing and foolish rhodomontades against our tiny settlement of Honduras. The time may come, even, it seems to us, when it will be for our interest to part with such settlements to our southward-moving brethren in the States, on condition of assistance to be rendered us in advancing our interests in a quarter which more nearly concerns us.

One word more, and our remarks upon this momentous dilemma will be ended. "Are we to wait, then," the Americans may say, "indefinitely, until the Cuban pear drop ripe and mellow into our hands?" Certainly, we reply, for your own sakes as much as for others. Spain's hold upon that colony is relaxing; and we mistake not if the present great exertions she is making to retain it will not, by drafting so many troops and so much money from the mother-country, facilitate a revolution at home, which will wholly prostrate her

strength for foreign enterprise. In such a case, Cuba—like the South American States in 1810—will break off from the mother-country—and, as it must lean on some stronger neighbor, will by-and-bye fraternize with the Union. The great object of the Americans ought to be, to get it quietly, and with the consent of the inhabitants. Even then, if the Southerners are not prudent, its acquisition may prove a source of embarrassment; but the most pregnant danger, at least, will thereby be escaped—namely, a protracted servile war.

This article has not been penned as a mere exertion of the intellect. We earnestly desire to arouse the attention of our countrymen—and of the Americans also, if our feeble voice can reach so far—to the subject under consideration; convinced that the interests of both nations do not clash, but harmonize,—that each can assist the other without detriment to itself,—and that in the mutual interchange of such aid depend the best hopes of the civilized world, as from the antagonism of the two peoples must spring its direst disasters. For reasons which we have indicated—but from obvious motives, not enlarged upon, we fear there is a probability that, as the present war rolls on, England will find herself wholly severed from her Continental alliances. In such an hour of isolation she will need the support of her colonies, both old and young,—and we know that she will have it. But then—and this is the great object of our anxiety,—let not our own present policy, or that of the United States, be such as to render that future alliance impossible, or *too late*.

From Household Words.

# DONE TO A JELLY.

PROFESSOR OWEN, when lecturing on the results of our late Exhibition, spoke warmly and well respecting the economical value of little fragments from the animal world—little bits which our forefathers were wont to throw away. He dwelt on the fact that the most uninviting, and seemingly most worthless parts of animal bodies, are turned to uses of the most unexpected kind by the inventive skill and science of man. He remarked that the most signal progress in the economical extraction and preparation of pure gelatines and glues from the waste remnants of the skins, bones, tendons, ligaments, and other gelatinous tissues of animals, has been made in France, where the well-organized and admirably-arranged establishments for the slaughter of cattle, sheep, and horses in large towns, give great and valuable facilities for the economical application of all the waste parts of animal bodies. Indeed, this is one way to measure our social progress. While some men are striving to make better use than our forefathers of substances always recognized as valuable, others are

directing their attention to humble and lowly bits and scraps which a former age would have spurned, kicked, trampled on, despised, burned, and otherwise ill-used and maltreated.

Given, a bone—to find a basin of soup in it. Here is a problem in gelatinous mathematics; and a very sensible problem it is too. Many generations ago the French chemist, Papin, set to work in good earnest on this matter. He made a vessel which he called a digester, closed everywhere except at a small hole at the top, which was provided with a safety-valve; the digester was enormously strong; inasmuch that when the valve was weighed down heavily, water could be made to boil at a much higher temperature than the familiar two hundred and twelve degrees. This was the gist of the whole matter; for whatever may be extracted from bone by hot water, much more can be extracted by doubly hot water. Papin broke his bones, put them into the digester, made the water boil at a fierce heat, and obtained a gelatinous extract which became a tremulous solid when cold. Another old philosopher of those days, Boyle, found the means to make the most of a cow-heel. He exposed it to a moderate heat for four hours

in a perfectly close vessel, without any water; he then found the entire cow-heel to be so softened, that he could cut it up with a knife, as if the softer parts had furnished moisture for mollifying the rest. The late Mr. Aikin found that, after extracting much gelatine from bones by ordinary boiling, there was another portion which nothing but a higher boiling heat could liberate from the cellular structure of the bone. During the long Napoleonic wars, bone-soup was made in some of the hospitals and military headquarters of France, by Papin's method; and many pamphlets were written in advocacy of the plan of collecting bones as a soup-making article of food in besieged garrisons. Those who have tasted it say, however, that bone gelatine extracted at this high temperature, has a sort of unpleasant burnt flavor; and certain chemists have suggested quite a laboratory-like mode of proceeding. First take, or beg, or borrow, or pick your bones; boil them to extract the fat; steep them in very diluted muriatic acid, to dissolve the earthy basis; wash the remaining semi-transparent gelatinous mass in water; dissolve it in forty times its weight of boiling water; evaporate the jelly thus produced to a state of greater consistency;—and there is your soup. Whether bone-soup is really made, let the scientific cooks declare; but it is certain that the scrapings, shavings, and sawdust of bones are used by pastrycooks as a material for jelly, which is yielded the more readily on account of the attenuated state to which the fragments of bone have been previously reduced; and the jelly is said to be nearly as good as calf's-foot jelly. Bone gelatine, too, is imported from France in cakes or sheets, to take part in preparations for the table.

A well-disposed cow or sheep would not be niggardly in the bestowal of these gelatinous treasures—skin, membrane, tendon, ligament, bone, hoof, horn, feet—all yield gelatine. In producing that gelatinous substance which artisans call by the somewhat unmeaning name of "size," it is customary to use clippings of hides, hoofs, horns, and feet; and the refuse from the skins of horses, dogs, and cats; and the shreds of parchment, vellum, and white leather,—all are welcome to the size-tubs: these are cleaned, and boiled, and skimmed, and strained, and cooled. But the making of glue is a yet more curious affair. Go into one of the glue-factories between London-Bridge station and Greenwich. You find heaps of flaps, roundings, scrapings, and cuttings of skins—all sorts of refuse, indeed, from the tanners' and leather-dressers' yards. You see how these bits and scraps are cleansed in lime-water, rinsed in clean water, dried on hurdles, boiled to a jelly; you see how this jelly is clarified, cooled in large masses, cut by a spade into square cakes, and further cut by brass wires into slices; you see how these slices are placed upon nets stretched across wooden frames; how these frames are piled up in the open air; how they are roofed over to protect them from rain; how the slices are turned two or three times a-day to facilitate their drying; how they are kept in lofts, for some months, to harden; and how they then become glue.

There has been a new claimant to gelatinous honors within the last few years, under the name of "marine-glue." Wonders are told of the adhesiveness of this stranger: that it makes wood stronger than unglued wood could be; that it takes twenty tons of pulling force to remove a glued splinter; that an oaken cannon-ball will not split in the seams cemented with marine-glue; with many other marvels. But this we have little to do with here; the marine-glue is a cement, and a remarkable one; but it has, we believe, no animal gelatine in its composition.

Gelatine casts are a pretty example of one mode in which glue may be made ornamental, or at least subservient to ornament. They are not properly casts, but moulds for casts; and the reason why they are valued is, that the elasticity of the material removes many of the objections attending the use of sand, clay, wax, or plaster for moulds. Pure gelatine, or gelatine mixed with treacle, will furnish a very elastic material for moulds. Casts from anatomical preparations, casts from calcareous concretions, casts for vegetable substances, casts from ivory carvings, have been obtained, in great beauty, from gelatine moulds; the material is so elastic, that no amount of alto-relievo or under-cutting will baffle it. Gelatine casts for gelatine moulds can even be produced; and as these casts are very elastic, we may obtain carved bas-reliefs from flat or plain originals. The extraordinary electrotypic arts are not altogether indebted to these gelatinous casts and moulds; for the gelatine may be impressed upon an electro-coppered work of art, or the electro-coppering may be effected upon a gelatine cast, properly coated on the surface with black-lead or some other material. In fact gelatine, or else that peculiar mixture of glue and treacle whereof printers' inking-rollers are made, has a degree of elasticity which bids fair to give it a gradually extending range of application in the arts.

It may be within the memory of many who read this, how dazzling and holiday-like was the display of gelatine sheets in Hyde Park three years ago. Beautiful they certainly were, for their thinness, their smoothness, their glossiness, their transparency, and their rich colors. The French manufacturer who exhibited these sheets, and who designates himself a Gelatineur, tells us in his trade-circular that, until recently, the high price of pure gelatine has rendered this substance available only for articles of luxury; but now, when it can be obtained either from bones or from common glue, it is and ought to be cheaper. He magnanimously announces that he does not wish, by his improved processes, to injure the trade of his brother gelatineurs; and that he is quite ready to describe his own processes to all whom it may concern. By this means, he thinks, gelatine-making might rise to the dignity of a science.

The gelatineur enumerates, one by one, the several purposes to which this really pretty substance is applied. First, he says, he can apply it as a layer to the surface of an engraving or woven material, to which it serves as a varnish. He can make it into a thin carton, for address cards, visiting cards, or images religieuses, which may

be either colored or colorless. He can make it of the same thickness, but yet more transparent, to assist wood-engravers and others in transferring or copying their designs. He can make it as exquisitely thin as the thinnest paper, as supple as silk, as transparent as glass. In this state he calls it paper-crystal or crystal-paper; and he sells it to the perfumer as envelopes and wrappers for his dainty boxes and bottles; to the fleuriste as a material whence to make transparent artificial flowers; to the lithographic printer, as a delicate paper whereon he may print in gold, silver, or colors. It was this crystal-paper which shone so brightly at our Exhibition, in sheets as large as five feet by four. We suppose the *gelatineur* to refer to a sort of tapestry-hangings or drapery adornments, when he says, that with these sheets of crystal-paper "on pourra tapisser des salles de bal." He claims for these thin films a power of resisting all the variations in the humidity of the atmosphere.

It may be interesting to know in what way these curious preparations of gelatine are sold in Paris. The *gelatineur* tells us that the sheets generally measure about fifty centimètres by thirty-four (equivalent to about twenty inches by thirteen). There are the thin sheets for cards, about fifty francs per hundred; there is the crystal-paper for perfumers and fleuristes, about twenty-five francs per hundred sheets; there is the *papier glacé*, for designers and engravers, forty francs per hundred; there is the crystal-paper with printed adornments in gold, or silver, or colors, about a hundred and twenty francs per hundred; there is the varnish-film, twenty francs; there is the impermeable quality given to any of the varieties, at twenty francs per hundred additional. Lastly our *gelatineur* gives a specimen of the kind of productions which may serve as shop-bills or address-cards; he gives one of his own, about six inches by four, printed in gold on thin crimson-colored gelatine sheets; and states that such productions he can supply at five francs per hundred.

We are quite prepared to learn that these prettinesses are made in London as prettily as in Paris; but the great fat Post-office Directory does not throw any light on this matter. There is, it appears, another Frenchman to whom precedence is given in this interesting art. This is M. Grenet of Rouen. Professor Owen, in the lecture before adverted to, speaks of "the different kinds of gelatine, in thin

layers, adapted for the dressing of stuffs, and for gelatinous baths, in the clarification of wines which contain a sufficient quantity of tannin to precipitate the gelatine; pure and white gelatines cut into threads for the use of the confectioner; very thin white and transparent sheets of *papier glacé*, or ice-paper, for copying drawings; and a quantity of objects of luxury or ornament, formed of dyed, silvered, or gilt gelatines, adapted to a variety of purposes, and to the fabrication of artificial and fancy flowers;" and he spoke of M. Grenet as having been the first to fabricate largely, out of various residues of animal bodies, of little value, these beautiful and diversified products, many of which previously were derived from the more costly substance isinglass.

What is this isinglass here spoken of, and one of the two sources or groups of gelatinous substance mentioned in an earlier paragraph? There are many kinds of isinglass, good and bad, but all are fishy — whether "ancient and fish-like," we will not say — but fishy certainly. The best isinglass, it is said, is prepared in Russia, from the membranes of the sturgeon, especially from its air-bladder and sounds. These membranes, when removed from the fish, are washed with cold water, and exposed to dry and stiffen in the open air. The outer skin is removed, and the remainder is cut out and loosely twisted into rolls. The rolls, called staples, are of different sizes, according to the purposes to which they are to be appropriated. The substance is also brought to market in two other forms — scrapings, called leaf-isinglass, and packages, called book-isinglass. We are more familiar with isinglass in the state of slender filaments. These are prepared through the intervention of cutting-machines. The purposes to which this isinglass is applied are numerous — jellies, ices, creams, blanchmange are made with its aid; beer is fined or refined with it; isinglass glue and diamond cement are two preparations of isinglass employed as adhesive compositions. As man is naturally prone to cheapness, and as isinglass is not always cheap, a substitute is not unfrequently sought for; one substitute is the cod-sound, which is brought from Scotland in a dried state, and melted into an inferior kind of isinglass. The nutritive as well as the adhesive quality of isinglass, of cod-sounds, of bones, of skins, of tendons, of ligaments, of membranes, of hoofs, of horns, of feet, result from the simple fact that these substances can be done to a jelly.



## THE GOATHERD OF LORRAINE.

Translated from the French of Emile Souvestre, for the Living Age.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

## CHAPTER I.

BETWEEN Neufchateau and Vaucouleurs extends a cool valley watered by the Meuse and enclosed by hills now covered with cultivated fields, groves, farms, and villages. The tourist might seek in vain for a sight more tranquil or more fertile. It is a thousand leagues from the civilization of great cities, and yet there is nothing wild, no sign of poverty or ignorance! The fields are covered with harvests, the pastures with flocks, the roads with teams. Men with frank and serious air greet you with a salutation; women of calm beauty smile, modestly, as you pass them. Everywhere you find an easy and dignified benevolence, nowhere servility. You feel that you are in the midst of Lorraine, surrounded by that healthy, courageous, and sympathizing people, in whom is found at once the nature of the woman and of the soldier.

At the period in which the events we are about to relate took place, the long misfortunes which accompanied the insanity of Charles VI. had affected, here as everywhere, the character of men and the aspect of things. Many fields were lying fallow, the roads had become impassable. Almost every day the belfry of some chateau carried alarm into the valley, by announcing the approach of a body of the enemy. The peasants would hasten to assemble their flocks, to pile up their best furniture on carts, and to gain the citadel, where they found a temporary asylum. But these derangements always brought some loss; privations came; then, discouragements; then, poverty.

Dissensions were also added to these misfortunes. Every village formed a different party; and neighbors, far from rendering mutual assistance, did not hesitate to combat and to injure each other. Some declared themselves for the Armagnacs and for the king of France, Charles VII. Others, for the English and for their allies the Burgundians. Unfortunately, the latter were almost everywhere the most numerous and the strongest. Not only had England seized the greater part of France, but she had placed at the head of government an English prince, the Duke of Bedford, and the Parisians had declared themselves in his favor.

Meanwhile the return of spring had awoke some hopes amid the population desolated by a long winter. When they saw the meadows re-clad, and the trees budding, they recovered a little courage. The most unfortunate yielded to the beneficent influence of the joyous sun of May. When they saw the return of the warm rays, the verdure, and the flowers, they believed that the affairs of France would be renovated, like the country.

"Providence will not be harder with man than with the fields!" said the old peasants.

And they yielded to this hope without a motion, only because God had given visible signs of his presence.

The inhabitants of Domremy, a village situated in the slope of the valley of which we had just spoken, had experienced (like all the rest) the influence of this spring-time of the year. Encouraged by the arrival of the fine days, they wished to celebrate the fête of spring by repairing, in a procession, the Fairy Tree.

This was an old beech, situated on the road from Domremy to Neufchateau, and at the foot of which flowed an abundant spring. It was respected in this country as a magic tree, beneath which the fairies came every evening to dance their rounds by the starlight. Every year, the lord of the canton, accompanied by the young people and children of Domremy, repaired to the great beech-tree, which they decorated with garlands and with ribbons.

Now on this day, a numerous crowd had just finished the usual ceremonies, and were preparing to regain the village.

At its head was a group of gentlemen clad in silk, and on horseback, in the midst of whom were some noble ladies, wearing at their girdles the trousseau of keys which indicated their title of *châtelaine*; and maidens, holding still in their hands their chaplets of colored glass beads, intermingled with pater-nosters of musk. Behind came the laborers, clad in yellow cloth, with girdles and pouches of goat-skin; then, the young girls and children chanting the *reveries*, by which the return of fine weather was celebrated. Here and there walked some convalescents, come to recover their strength more rapidly by making three times the tour of the old beech, or invalids who had caused themselves to be carried to the spring whose waters might heal the fever. Finally, in the last rank, came a family composed of a man and woman, already aged, accompanied by three sons and two daughters.

The countenances of the father and mother were grave and honest, those of the boys breathed a frank simplicity, and the youngest girl advanced singing like a bird; but her eldest sister, who came last, had in her whole person something of gentleness, strength, and purity which one could not see without being struck by it. She walked more slowly, and was repeating in an under-tone a prayer which seemed to absorb her entirely, when a rumor was suddenly heard in the crowd.

Every eye was turned towards the road, on which a cloud of dust was rising.

"It is the people of Marcey coming to attack us!" exclaimed several voices.

And a panic terror seizing the women and young girls, all began to fly in the direction of the village.

Marcey, in fact, sided with the Burgundians, and its youth had several times had encounters with those of Domremy. But this time the terror was of short duration; the cloud, on approaching, revealed only five or six boys, who were pursuing a magnat with stones, crying out:

"Kill the Armagnac! kill him!"

Some men of Domremy, who had not shared the general terror, had but to reply by the cry: "Kill the Burgundians! kill them!" to repulse the assailants, who retook, running, the road to Marcey.

As for him whom they had pursued, he stop-

ped, covered with perspiration, dust, and blood, among the people who had just delivered him so seasonably. He was a young boy of about fifteen years, strong and active, his countenance expressive of resolution; but more poorly clad than the poorest goatherds of the valley.

"By heaven! why did these accursed banditti pursue you?" asked one of the peasants who had remained firm amid the general panic.

"They were attempting to make me cry: 'Long live Duke Philip, the English king!' replied the boy.

"And you would not?"

"I replied: 'Long live Charles VII, our noble prince and lawful master!'"

A murmur of approbation was heard throughout the ranks.

"It was bravely spoken," resumed the peasant, "and I praise God that we were able to deliver you from this rabble; it is a disgrace to the people of Domremy that the Burgundian dogs of Marcey can bite all the true Frenchmen who come to us; some day or other we must finish them by setting fire to their kennel."

Several voices applauded these words, while others more prudent, advised patience; each retook the road to Domremy, and the boy, occupied in stanching the blood which flowed from a slight wound received on the forehead, was soon left behind alone.

He at least thought so, for he had not perceived the young girl, who had suffered the rest of the family to continue their route, and had approached him with an air of compassionate kindness.

"Those bad boys have hurt you," said she, looking at the wound which he was bathing at the fountain. Ah! it is a great pity to see thus flowing everywhere the blood of good people; here it is only by drops, but elsewhere it is by streams and rivers."

"Yes," replied the boy; "the Burgundians are everywhere the most successful; it was said the other day at Commercy that they had again beaten the French near Verdun. So, when I kept the goats at Pierrefitte, it was repeated that all would soon be reduced to their power."

"The great God will not suffer it," replied the young girl earnestly; "no, he will preserve our true kings that we may remain true Frenchmen. Ah! I have confidence in Our Lord and in his holy saints, St. Michael, St. Cathenni and St. Marguerite."

At these words she crossed herself devoutly, knelt and pronounced in a low voice a fervent prayer; after which she questioned the boy respecting himself.

He replied that he was called Remy Pastouret, that his father was a poor goatherd who had just died, and that he was about to join a relative at the Carmelite convent of Vassy.

In return for his confidence, the young girl informed him that she was called Romée, from the name of her mother and Jeanne, from her baptismal name, and that her father had a house and some fields, the products of which afforded him a scanty living.

Thus exchanging confidences, they arrived at the village, Jeanne inquired where Remy was to pass the night.

"Where I have passed the three last," replied the young goatherd; "at the door of the church, with the stone for a bed and the starry heavens for a canopy."

Jeanne asked him on what he expected to sup.

"On a crust of hard bread dipped in the village fountain," continued he.

She inquired what means he had to continue his route to Vassy.

"Good health and the Providence of God," finished Remy.

"The latter you may keep," replied Romée, smiling; but to the hard bread I will add the milk of our goats, and instead of sleeping on the stones of the porch, you shall have a place beneath the roof of Christians."

At these words she conducted him to a house whose old roof of thatch was garnished with moss and bunches of heath. The family were about to seat themselves at the table. Jeanne made Remy enter, pointed to the place destined for herself, and withdrew to a corner of the fire-side where she murmured her prayers.

No one made any remarks on the species of substitution of a stranger guest for the young peasant-girl, for she had long since accustomed them to it. Knowing her family to be too poor to give, and unwilling that her own generosity should occasion privations to others, she never gave alms but of what she denied herself, giving up to the poor whom she had invited to enter her place at table and her bed of straw.

Only when Remy had taken his place with the family beside the fire into which some branches had been thrown, as much to cheer the eye, as to counteract the coolness of the evening, she renewed her interrogations respecting the affairs of France. Remy repeated the rumors gathered on the way, and, at the news of each disaster, the peasant-girl uttered a sigh and clasped her hands.

"Ah! if the young girls might quit the distaff and the care of the flocks," said she, "perhaps the great God would regard their piety and grant them the victory which he refuses to the strongest."

But at these words the old father shook his head and replied:

"Those are foolish thoughts of yours, Romée; rather think of Benvist of Toul, who hopes to find in you an honest and industrious wife; we can do nothing with the affairs of the world, and it is for our noble princes to regulate them, with the aid of God."

The next morning Remy rose at day-break, he found Jeanne already at work. After having thanked her for what she had done for him, he inquired the way to Vassy. The young girl, who was about to lead her flocks to the fields, conducted him herself to the nearest thoroughfare, and, after having pointed out the direction he was to follow, said:

"Go forward till you reach the Marne; and when you see a cross or a church, forget not the kingdom of France in your prayers."

At these words she gave him the bread which she had brought for her own breakfast, with three deniers which constituted her whole savings; and as he would have thanked her, sprang light-

ly on her horse, and galloped toward the forest, followed by the flocks.

Whatever might be the poverty of the people of Lorraine in consequence of the exactions in the last reign and the political disorders of the present period, they might consider themselves happy in comparing their fate with that of the neighboring provinces. They could cultivate their fields in broad day, cut and thresh their grain, pasture their flocks upon the hills; the country was impoverished, but not completely devastated. They were subject only to the degradations exercised by the various garrisons of the cities and the pillages of the troops of Bohemians or armed adventurers, who, like wolves, issued at night from the forests to seek a prey. Hitherto the nobles shut up in their fortified chateaux had escaped these losses. Enriched by the booty of the preceding century, they thought only of enjoying their opulence. Never had luxury been so extravagant or so grotesque. The women wore as head-dresses genuine edifices, loaded with pearls and laces: at the extremity of their shoes hung acorns of gold, and their garments of velvet, silk or brocade, sparkled with precious stones.

An unexpected adventure put the young traveller in the way to observe these riches of which nothing had hitherto given him any idea.

He had just traversed a poor village the inhabitants of which he had seen fishing, for their dinners in a frog marsh, when he found himself before a chateau. The walls were surrounded by a ditch full of running water, and upon this water was swimming a flock of swans with snowy plumage. Remy, who had paused to contemplate their graceful evolutions, suddenly heard a great clamor arise behind him. He turned and perceived a young damsel whose affrighted horse was running towards the moat. Several gentlemen and ladies, standing near the bridge, were raising their arms and uttering cries of distress. A few moments more and the terrified courser must plunge into the waters. Urged by a sudden impulse, and without calculating the danger, Remy sprang to meet it, seized the reins and suffered himself to be dragged thus to the banks of the moat, where the horse stumbled. The young chatelaine, dismounted by the shocks, was thrown forward; but he received her in his arms and gently placed her on the ground.

All this transpired so rapidly, that when the gentlemen arrived, the young lady was already standing and almost recovered from her fright. As for Remy he had darted in pursuit of her steed whom he soon led back.

"Here he is, Perinette, here he is," said the elder of the gentlemen, evidently replying to a question of the young girl. "Approach, brave youth, that I may thank you for the service rendered to my daughter."

"But for him, I might have been killed," exclaimed Perinette, her voice still trembling a little.

"Come, come, it is all over!" returned the chaplain, caressing her hand: "but why did you go on horseback to meet our guests? They have now all arrived, and you have only to welcome them."

Perinette hastily ordered a young page to take her horse to the chateau, requested Remy to follow him; then advanced with her father to meet a company of ladies and cavaliers who were directing their steps toward the draw-bridge.

There was on this day a grand fête at the chateau of the Sire of Forville, and all the nobility in the neighborhood had been invited. The Sire of Forville, after having occupied important situations and amassed a fortune in them, lived in princely opulence, with no other care but to make his life, he said, a pleasant avenue towards Paradise. Remy, who had been recommended to the steward of the chateau by Perinette, was clad in a handsome costume with the colors of the Sire of Forville, and descended into the grand hall with the other youth of the chateau.

A table of more than sixty feet in length had been prepared there, and elegantly set; at the two extremities rose framed edifices, of which one represented a Parnassus with the god Apollo and the Muses; the other, the infernal regions. In the midst appeared an immense pie filled with musicians, who on the arrival of the guests, commenced a charming symphony composed on the celebrated air of *The Armed Man*.

Every body took their places. There was for each guest a plate, a silver porringer, a bouquet of spring flowers, and one of those little forks the use of which had been recently introduced into the mansions of the nobility. Bread spiced with aniseed was served, and sage, or rosemary wine.

The guests fastened their napkins to their shoulders and ate the first course amid the sound of instruments; but when it was finished, the demons suddenly opened their pie and drew from it roast chickens and tarts which were distributed still smoking. At last, when the fruit was served, Apollo and the Muses rose, throwing around them perfumed water which fell on all sides in a fragrant shower, and a Norman disguised as the horse Pegasus sang a Bacchanalian song.

The guests applauded with transport.

"By St. Bartholomew! that is what I call a song!" exclaimed a fat prior, whose plate was always full and his goblet empty; "if every body was of the opinion of Pegasus, we should not see France delivered up to armed men. As if it was of any consequence who are masters, provided we can breakfast, dine and sup."

"Not forgetting the *Benedicite*."

"Nor the spices."

In fact these had just been served, to the great satisfaction of the ladies, who had hitherto eaten nothing but pastry; afterwards pages brought censers full of perfumes, in order that each guest might expose to the odorous vapor his hair, his hands and his clothes; and every body rose to pass into the ball-room.

Remy ate of the remains of the feast with the servants; and, at the moment he was about to set out, Perinette sent him a purse tolerably well filled, recommending him to enjoy it in memory of her.

The present was a thousand times more valuable than that of the peasant of Domremy; and the recommendation might have been more agree-

able to the young man. Nevertheless, he kept the three deniers given by Jeanne, and recalled, in preference, her counsel. It was because he also had been brought up among people who had nothing—so it was only their country that they wished to defend, and accustomed from an early period to love his race as his own person, all his instincts revolted against a foreign yoke, and he wished to preserve, even at the price of his life, what then constituted the nation, that is to say the king, the flag and the patron saints of France.

## CHAPTER II.

On his arrival in Champagne, Remy comprehended that he was approaching the battle-field on which was to be decided the fate of the kingdom. All the cities were in a state of defence, the villages guarded by peasants, and the roads covered with troops of armed men or archers.

When he arrived at the convent, he was obliged to submit to an interrogatory before he was allowed to enter. At last Father Cyrille was summoned, and descended to the parlor.

Father Cyrille exercised in the convent functions which would have been proclaimed incompatible everywhere else. He was at once physician, astrologer, surgeon, and even, in the eyes of the most ignorant of the monks, something of the sorcerer. He presented himself to Remy with his gown tucked up, spectacles on his nose and one of those glass horns employed by philosophers in their experiments.

The boy, who had heard of the wonderful knowledge of Father Cyrille, was struck with this singular accoutrement, and remained mute before him.

"Well, what is wanted?" asked the monk impatiently; "I was told you wished to speak to me."

"I come, reverend sir," murmured Remy, in an under-tone, "from your relation, Jerome Pastouret. He is dead."

"The monk hastily raised his head and took off his spectacles.

"Dead!" repeated he, "is Jerome dead?"

"A month since!"

"And you are doubtless the son of the deceased?"

The boy made a sign in the affirmative.

"And who told you to come in search of me?"

"My father himself," replied Remy. "At the moment he was about to die, he prayed the priest who confessed him to write on a parchment, ordering me to bring it to you as soon as he should be no more."

Remy drew from his wallet a rouleau carefully tied and sealed with black wax, which he presented to the monk. The latter opened it, unrolled the parchment and read aloud the following:

"I, Jerome Pastouret, goatherd at Pierrefitte, feeling myself about to appear before God, believe it my duty to reveal a secret on which may depend the future destiny of the child whom I have brought up under the name of Remy."

The boy astonished, raised his head.

"I declare therefore," continued the monk, "before God and before his creatures, that this

child was placed in my hands by a gipsy chief, named King Horsu, and that he is not my son."

A cry, uttered by Remy, interrupted Father Cyrille.

"What say you?" stammered he, bewildered.

"On my soul, it is indeed here," returned the monk, showing the parchment.

"Is it possible?" murmured the boy. "He whom I believed my father. But to what family then do I belong?"

"Listen," resumed Cyrille. And he continued.

"King Horsu had stolen the child at Paris in order to despoil him of the rich jewels he wore, but was unable to acquaint me with his parentage. All that I could learn was that the seizure took place in the porch of Notre Dame, on the day of Pentecost.

While I lived, I concealed this, with the fear that in ceasing to believe me to be his father, Remy would withdraw his affection from me; to-day I must own all, to free my conscience.

And seeing that I am too poor to leave anything to him whom I love as my child, I address him, with this declaration, to my learned cousin Cyrille, that he may serve him as aid and counsellor."

There was a pause after the reading of this document. Remy overwhelmed, gazed at the parchment, unable to speak. Then, suffering his tears to flow freely, he exclaimed, as if Jerome had been there to hear him:

"No, Father Jerome, I will not withdraw my affection from you, because God has not made me really your son; he who received me when I was little, and who sought a protector for me when I was left alone, cannot cease to be my father."

The monk approved these sentiments, declared that he accepted the legacy of his cousin, and would be to him a relative and guardian.

Remy was, consequently, conducted to the prior, who willingly consented to keep him in the convent, on condition that he would assume the dress of a novice.

Father Cyrille had at first declared that he would make researches to discover the family of his protégée, but he soon comprehended the impossibility of this; all the roads were intercepted by armed parties, all the relations of city to city interrupted. These researches must therefore be postponed to a more auspicious period.

Meanwhile, Father Cyrille occupied himself with the education of his new pupil.

As we have said, the monk of Vassy united in himself all the acquired science of the age; only his brain resembled those libraries of which no catalogue has been made, and where nothing is in order. He undertook to instruct Remy as one sows meadows, that is to say, mixing all sorts of seeds. The boy could only read and write; he taught him the physiological or medical properties of different substances, accustomed him to distil water from herbs which served to counteract most diseases, pointed out the influence of the moon on the human body, and the danger of maladies commencing when that star enters in the sign of Gemini.

Remy retained a part of this knowledge, for

he had an open and retentive mind; but his tastes visibly led him in another direction. He dimly escaped from the laboratory of Father Cyrille to join the Sire of Hapcourt, who, little versed in letters and the sciences, cared only as he boasted, for the art par excellence, that of war.

The Sire of Hapcourt, left without resources and covered with wounds, after forty years passed in war, had been received among the monks in the quality of *oblat*. This name is given to disabled soldiers, whom certain convents received and supported without exacting any other return but that they should be present at the services of the community, and accompany its processions with their swords at their sides. The *oblat* of Vassy, who had been a great warrior in his time, amused himself with developing the warlike instincts of Remy. He lent him his old horse, armed him with a stick cut from a neighboring coppice, and taught him to use it by turns as a lance, as a sword, or as a battle-axe. The monks took pleasure in seeing these exercises which recalled their youthful years; but Father Cyrille was indignant at hours stolen from the study of the noble sciences.

"Very well!" he would exclaim every time he surprised Remy receiving lessons from the *oblat*; "I hoped to make of him a learned man; Messire Hapcourt will make only a soldier."

"It is for his health, reverend sir, and in order to help digestion," the gentleman would smilingly reply.

Meanwhile, notwithstanding the monk's dissatisfaction at this, he became daily more attached to Remy. Unable to commence the researches necessary to discover his family, he wished at least to construct his horoscope. He found that his fate would submit to a modification when the moon should be found in conjunction with the fishes, and that the sign of Virgo and Mars would be favorable to him; but that he had every thing to fear from Taurus, and that the decisive moment of his life would happen when this planet should be found in the centre of the zodiac.

#### CHAPTER III.

THE occupations of Father Cyrille placed him in constant intercourse with the herbalists and druggists of Vassy, and Remy often served as a messenger for requests to be made, substances to be purchased, instruments to be borrowed. The reputation of the monk also brought to the convent a great number of sick persons, who almost always went away relieved or cured.

One day as Remy was returning from Vassy, he found at the gate of the monastery a soldier whom he immediately recognized, by his leathern coat and his casque without a crest, to be an archer. Only contrary to the usual custom of his class, he was on horseback and without other arms except a sword.

On approaching him, the boy perceived that he was wounded in the leg.

"You seek Father Cyrille?" asked he of the soldier.

"I seek a monk who can heal all wounds," replied the latter.

"He is here, enter."

The archer dismounted and followed Remy.

The latter conducted him to the laboratory of the monk, whom they found bending over a copper basin in which were boiling some dried herbs.

Father Cyrille raised his head.

"Who is this man?" asked he with surprised abstraction.

"You see," replied the wounded man, "I am an archer. Six months since I had a fall, and the wound has daily been growing worse."

"It is a genuine ulcer," replied the monk, examining attentively the wound laid open to his inspection.

"I have here a balm of my own composition which will work wonders. In a month's time, you shall see there only a red and shining scar. Stretch out your leg and do not stir."

Father Cyrille, who had spread his balm on a bandage of lint, stooped to apply it to the wound; but the archer wrested his hand.

"One moment!" said he; "you promise me prompt and perfect healing; but will you swear not to employ for that purpose either charms or magic?"

By way of reply Father Cyrille made the sign of the cross, and commenced the credo in a loud voice. The archer waited until he had finished; then, uttering a sigh of relief, allowed his leg to be dressed without any other observation.

This soldier was evidently of a very communicative nature, and informed Father Cyrille that his name was Richard; but, according to the custom of the soldiers of those times, he had substituted for this name a phrase taken from the Psalms, and called himself *Exaudi nos*. He had just arrived at Vassy, and in his haste to consult Father Cyrille, had come to the convent of fasting. The monk comprehended the intention of this confidence, and sent Remy to seek the stranger's portion with a cup of wine destined for invalids.

This attention completely gained the heart of the archer, who became still more communicative; and began to relate how he was going to Lorraine with a messenger from the king, named Collet de Vienne, who was bearing despatches to the Sire de Bandricourt; governor of the city of Vaucouleurs.

Remy asked if there were any good news.

"Good for the English, may satan confound them!" replied the soldier. "They still keep Orleans besieged, and have raised around it bulwarks which cut off all communications; so that the inhabitants are dying of hunger while waiting to be murdered!"

"And can no assistance be carried it?" asked the boy.

"No," replied *Exaudi nos*. "Heaven seems to favor the English. Orleans is the last hope of the kingdom; if they take that, no resource remains for Charles VII but to retire to Dauphiny."

"These are sad news to carry to Lorraine!" observed Father Cyrille, who, amid his scientific occupations, preserved a sentiment of just and sincere nationality.



*Exaudi nos* filled his glass which he emptied at a draught, then carelessly shook his head.

"Bah!" replied he, "after all, it is unfortunate only for the citizens and the peasants. We soldiers find our account in all, and, as our captain says, the sheep which have neither dogs nor shepherds, are easily sheared."

"Ah! that's the opinion of your captain, is it?" said the monk. "And what is the name of this excellent Frenchman?"

"Pardieu! you ought to know him," said the archer, whom wine rendered more and more familiar; "he is the worst fellow in France or England. We call him the father of the seven capital sins, seeing that he has them all; but his real name is the Sire de Flavi."

"Are you in his service?" asked Remy with an air of surprise.

"That is to say I am his confidential esquire," replied *Exaudi nos*, in a self-sufficient tone. "I know his affairs as well as I do my own. The Sire de Flavi is the nearest relative of the Lady of Varennes, who will soon leave him her property unless the declaration of a vagabond prevents."

"How so?"

"Oh! it is a long story," said *Exaudi nos*, as he finished his wine. "You must know first, that the Lady of Varennes had but one son, whom she lost when he was very little, and that she has lately become a widow: so that, weary of the world, she wished to quit the court where she is Lady of Honor, and to abandon her domains to her cousin, the Sire de Flavi. She was about to retire to a convent, when two months since she was told that her son was living. He had disappeared about ten years ago, and it was not known what had become of him. A gipsy who died lately at Tours, declared that it was he who carried the child off from the porch of Notre Dame."

The monk and Remy started.

"From the porch of Notre Dame!" repeated they.

"On the day of Pentecost," finished *Exaudi nos*.

The boy could not suppress a cry.

"Does that surprise you?" continued the archer, who mistook the cause of his emotion, "yet it is a common thing; child stealers are as numerous at Paris as the pigs of St. Anthony."

"And after his capture, was not the son of the Lady of Varennes carried to Lorraine?" asked Father Cyrille.

"Exactly so!" replied *Exaudi nos*.

"Where he was confided to a goat-herd? And was not the captor a gipsy chief called King Horsu?"

"How did you learn all this, reverend sir?" exclaimed the archer, surprised.

"Ah! I have then a mother!" cried Remy; in a transport of joy.

*Exaudi nos* appeared stupefied.

"How!" exclaimed he, "is it possible this boy can be . . ."

"The child whom they are seeking?" interrupted Father Cyrille; "the legitimate son of the Lady of Varennes."

The soldier rose, uttering an exclamation.

"Yes," continued the monk with enthusiasm; "the horoscope had announced it; great news at the conjunction of the moon with the fishes, and this is the very day I call you to witness Messire Archer, the grandeur and infallibility of the the science of Astrology!"

"But, instead of replying, *Exaudi nos* addressed new questions to the monk and to Remy. All they told him confirmed the discovery which had just been made and convinced him that the young novice was really the last descendant of the Varennes. This assurance suddenly caused his features to be overshadowed.

"It is a day of misfortunes!" murmured he.

"Of misfortune!" repeated Father Cyrille.

"Ah! I understand. The re-appearance of the child deprives the Sire de Flavi of the rights of inheritance."

"That remains to be seen," returned *Exaudi nos*, hastily; "they will demand proofs."

"We will give them," replied Father Cyrille. "I will go with Remy to find the Lady of Varennes. Only, you have not told us where to find her."

"Seek for yourself!" replied the archer, as he withdrew; "but take care that Messire de Flavi be not in your way."

Father Cyrille would have detained the soldier; but he reached the gate of the convent, remounted his horse and disappeared.

The monk could readily comprehend the difficulties and dangers which he and his protégé would have to surmount, but he decided to depart immediately. The permission of the prior was readily obtained. Preparations were quickly made, and Father Cyrille quitted the convent with Remy.

They directed their course towards Touraine, where the court was, and where they hoped to obtain more easily the information they needed.

#### CHAPTER IV.

It was now the year 1428, that is to say at an epoch when all disasters seemed combined to desolate France. War, sickness, famine, cold, had by turns decimated the population and ruined the country. Our travellers were obliged to avoid the towns which had their gates closed, and traverse fields covered with snow, where they found most of the villages abandoned. Difficulties multiplied at every step and constantly delayed their progress. It was necessary to avoid the English or Burgundian troops who traversed the country for pillage, the robbers who concealed themselves by the road-side to plunder travellers, bands of wolves who came even to the outworks of citadels to attack the sentinels. Fortunate were they when they encountered at night some ruin where they could light a fire and find shelter. But, for this purpose, it was necessary to leave the roads and bury themselves in ravines and thickets. Every where else, the inhabitants kept their doors closed, not daring to come out to speak, or even to kindle a fire, lest the smoke should betray them. There were no longer in the fields, flocks, teams, or

even dogs! The marauders, whose approach they announced, had killed them.

Nevertheless Remy and his guide continued their route courageously, suffering from cold, fatigue and hunger, without complaint.

One evening, they arrived at the hamlet of La Roche, recently burned by a troop of soldiers. All the inhabitants had taken refuge in a church which alone remained standing, and which was encumbered with furniture wrested from the flames. A few goats were enclosed there. Here Father Cyrille and his protégé sought a refuge for the night.

The eight or ten families who had retired thither grouped around several fires kindled on the pavement, and the smoke, which had no other outlet but the windows, formed a dense atmosphere, through which one could hardly see. Meanwhile, on recognizing the gown of Father Cyrille, the circle was enlarged to make room for the new comers.

The monk was surprised to see only women and children; but they told him that the men had gone out with the ploughs, which, for want of oxen they drew themselves, and were obliged to labor by night; for such were the disorders of the times that they dared not appear by day in the fields which they cultivated. The women offered the travellers a share of their scanty repast, which consisted of a little goat's milk and some roots cooked in the ashes.

After having seasoned the frugality of his meal with aphorisms, the monk was about to throw himself, with Remy, on a litter of leaves extended along the wall, when the footsteps of horses resounded before the porch. The affrighted women rose, fearing some troop of adventurers; but the cavaliers who had just alighted were only five in number, and he who marched at their head entered wishing the peace of God to the women who had hastened towards the door. He afterwards advanced, knelt devoutly and prayed silently.

Remy, who was near, could not suppress a gesture of surprise, which was repeated as he rose.

"Do you know this young man?" asked father Cyrille, who had noticed his movement.

"I may be the sport of an illusion!" replied the youth; "but he reminds me, in every feature, of the peasant-girl who entertained me at Domremy."

"Who speaks of Domremy?" exclaimed the stranger, hastily turning.

And his eyes having encountered the pupil of Cyrille, he added:—

"O my salvation! it is the goatherd whom the boys of Marcey would have killed."

"So I am not mistaken!" exclaimed Remy; "you are, indeed, Jeanne Romée?"

"And here is my brother Pierre," said the peasant-girl, pointing to a young soldier who had just approached. "May our Lord be praised for having brought in my way a familiar countenance which reminds me of my native village!"

"And how long have country girls been travelling in the dress of cavaliers and with swords by their sides?" asked Father Cyrille with surprise.

"It is indeed an unusual thing, reverend sir," modestly replied the peasant-girl; "but the necessity of the times is a stern law."

"And whither are you going?" resumed the monk.

"To the king of France, father, in order to fulfil a mission."

Father Cyrille was about to continue his questions, when one of the cavaliers who accompanied the young girl and who, by his age, as well as by his costume, seemed superior to the rest, approached.

"Be more prudent, Jeanne," said he, earnestly; "you have already been recognized, and if you relate your plans to every one, the road will soon be closed to us."

"Be not anxious, Messire Jean de Metz," replied the young girl, calmly; "these may be regarded as good Frenchmen."

"Entreat them, then, to forget this interview and what you have said to them, for success depends upon secrecy."

"Success depends only upon the Lord," replied Jeanne, gently; "but you shall be satisfied, for I am assured that this reverend man and the youth will know how to be silent."

Remy and the monk promised discretion.

"I rely upon it, brave people," resumed the maiden; "and especially, I hope you will remember me in your morning and evening prayers; for everything comes from God and our patron saints."

At these words she crossed herself, as she saluted the two travellers, and followed Messire Jean de Metz near the porch where the horses were fastened.

She awaited there for some time the return of several companions, who had gone in search of food. They arrived at last; and, by the light of the fire which was soon kindled, Father Cyrille recognized among them *Exaudi nos*.

He hastily drew Remy to the most obscure part of the church, advising him not to allow himself to be seen by the archer, who, after the scene at the convent, could not fail to divine the motive of their journey; and in order the better to conceal themselves they lay down on the leaves.

The repast finished, Jeanne and her companions also stretched themselves on pallets of straw. *Exaudi nos* and another cavalier, who wore the costume of king's messenger, alone remained awake.

After having brought the horses into the church to shelter them from the wolves, whose howlings were heard amid the night, they advanced toward the choleur and seated themselves beside the fire, which was emitting its last gleams. They were thus only a few feet from Father Cyrille and his protégé.

Both had doubtless their reasons for keeping aloof from their companions; for they spoke long, earnestly, in a low tone, and the name of Jeanne incessantly recurred in this mysterious conversation. Meanwhile they suddenly started and stopped.

"Did you not hear something moving behind us?" asked *Exaudi nos*.

"Yes," said the messenger, turning.

"There is some one, on the litter of leaves."

"It is a monk asleep."

"Is he alone?"

"Yes."

The archer was re-assured, resumed the conversation, which lasted some time, then both lay down beside the extinguished fire.

But before day the voice of Jeanne was heard; she awoke her companions.

"Come, Messire Jean Metz, Messire Bertrand de Poulengy," said she, "it is time to put foot into stirrups, to go whither God is sending us."

The gentlemen shook off their slumbers and rose. After prayer repeated aloud by the young peasant, the horses were bridled and brought out under the porch, where each mounted the saddle.

The day was then beginning to appear, and Jeanne perceived that the messenger and *Exaudi nos* were beside her; she started as if the sight of them had suddenly awakened a reminiscence, and summoning Jean de Metz, asked:

"Do you know, Messire, why these two men have stationed themselves at my right and left?"

"Why, but to serve as guides?" replied the gentleman.

"As you say," returned Jeanne. "It only remains to learn whither they intend to guide me."

"To the king, doubtless."

"You reply in their place; but I have another idea, and since they say nothing, I will speak for them."

"For us!" repeated the two men, surprised.

"Very soon we shall encounter a river," resumed Jeanne.

The messenger and the archer made a movement.

"Over this river is a bridge without a parapet."

They started.

"These two men will take the bridle of my horse under pretence of leading it . . ."

They turned pale.

"And when we have reached the middle, they will push me into deep water! Was not this what you agreed upon to rid yourself of her whose guidance exposes you, you say, to great perils?"

*Exaudi nos* and his companion clasped their hands in terror.

"Pardon! pardon! Lady Jeanne," exclaimed Bertrand de Poulengy, hastily advancing his horse towards the archer and his accomplice.

But Jeanne stopped him by a gesture.

"Let them alone," said she; "they take me for a sorceress; but I will prove to them that my power proceeds from God and not from Satan. This time we have nothing to fear, for a Christian warned me of their base designs. Let them therefore accompany us without making yourself uneasy about them, and if it please God, they shall not harm us."

At these words, she raised the bridle of her horse and set out accompanied by the whole troop.

When she had disappeared, Remy came out

of the niche where he had been concealed, and whence he had witnessed the result of the warning given by him to Jeanne. He remained beneath the porch as long as he perceived her white horse amid the night, then re-entered the church to awaken Father Cyrille, that they might resume their journey.

#### CHAPTER V.

In proportion as our two travellers approached the limit where French authority was maintained, the country became still more ravaged, and the scanty aid they had until then found failed them completely. Cyrille and Remy were obliged to avoid the towns where they might have procured resources, for the French, Burgundians and English, regarded as enemies those who were too weak to resist. Our travellers were several times arrested and ransomed, but on their arrival at Tonniere, they were served as spies, and thrown into prison.

The monk asked in vain to be admitted to speak to the governor; several days rolled away without his being able to obtain an audience. They had been placed in a lower hall along with Jews *caignardiers*\* and child-stealers, whose only ambition was to allow themselves to be forgotten until chance should furnish them with an opportunity for deliverance. One of their fellow-prisoners, however, suggested a method by which they might obtain access to the governor.

"Refuse to pay the gaol-fees," said he, "and as you will no longer be of any profit to our keeper, he will soon find a way of obtaining for you an audience."

Cyrille followed this counsel, and the prediction was fulfilled. The monk and Remy, giving the gaoler nothing but the trouble of guarding them, were soon conducted before the governor to be interrogated.

They found the latter seated with some comrades before a table covered with cups and mugs. He was a man of about forty years, somewhat stout and tanned by the sun and wind. His forehead was low, his look haughty, and his thin lips indicated avarice and insensibility.

At the moment when the two prisoners appeared, he had just filled his cup and was preparing to empty it. He paused in his libation.

"Whom have we here?" said he, "whence come this cowl and this young rascal?"

Then, as if he had suddenly remembered, he resumed:

"Ah! I know more spies of Bedford. Let them pay ransom or be hung."

"Very well," said the monk, resolutely; "but neither of us deserves to be ransomed or hung; far from being messengers of Bedford, we are true Frenchmen."

"Who are you? whence come you? what seek you here? reply or I will have you hung from one of the trees of the great square, as sure as my name is De Flavi!"

Remy and Father Cyrille started.

\*Certain dangerous vagabonds who were accustomed to lodge under the bridges of Paris were called *caignardiers*.

"De Flavi!" exclaimed they.

The governor looked them in the face.

"Well!" said he.

"The cousin of the Lady of Varennes!" added the monk.

"What then?" asked Flavi, more attentive.

"What signifies this surprise on hearing my name, and why speak to me of the Lady of Varennes? Approach, old monk, and reply without delay."

As he pronounced these words, the governor of Tonnerre hastily placed his cup on the table. Cyrille, who was about to reply, suddenly started and stopped; he had just perceived the carved ox which formed the handle of the cup.

The horoscope of Remy immediately returned to his memory; he recalled the sinister presages attached to the sign of Taurus, and doubted not that the danger had arrived.

Flavi, surprised and irritated at this sudden silence, renewed his questions impatiently; but the monk had resolved to give him no explanation. He replied only that he was on his way to Touraine by permission of the prior to settle a disputed succession; and all the efforts of Flavi could wrest from him nothing more. Finally, out of patience, he ordered that the travellers should be re-conducted to prison; that they might be hung on the morrow, as convicted spies.

Father Cyrille at first took this order for a threat; but his anxiety became more serious when on their return, the gaoler shut them up in separate cells. He wished to speak to the governor again, but was informed that he had just left Tonnerre at the head of an armed band, and would be absent several days. The gaoler added, by way of parenthesis, that Mastro Richard, an archer of the Sire de Flavi, had received orders not to forget the prisoners, and that he would present himself at day-break with a confessor.

Henceforth doubt was impossible; Father Cyrille had thought he was acting prudently by concealing the truth, and this silence had ruined both Remy and himself.

A part of the night had already rolled away; the hour appointed for the execution was approaching; all chance of safety seemed lost! Suddenly a reddish gleam shone without; it became more vivid, increased; an immense clamor arose; it is fire! Its sparkling flames illuminated the walls. The gaoler ran to open the doors of the cells crying out that the fire was in the finish quarter, situated behind the prison. The monk precipitated himself into the narrow galleries, he summoned Remy; a voice replied to him; they sought each other and met at the prison-gate. It was open; they passed through it, crossed a second yard, darted into the street and hastened forward, holding each other by the hand.

They paused only when they had reached the edge of a thicket which assured them a retreat. There, the monk, breathless, exclaimed: "Enough!" looked behind him to assure himself that they were not pursued, then turned towards Remy.

"God has just wrought for us a miracle," said he.

"My father," cried the latter, overcome with joy.

They re-commenced their march through the thicket, following the Sorei till they found a fording-place, then directed their steps towards La Cure. They marched during the remainder of the night and a part of the following day, at last, near Vermanton, fatigue compelled them to stop.

They knocked at the door of a house of comfortable appearance, built in the forest, which they took to be the dwelling of a woodman. But the woman who came to open to them wore a citizen's costume; she looked at them through a wicket, asked what they wanted, and at last opened with some hesitation.

On entering they were offered seats around a table, and the two travellers, who were faint with hunger, ate and drank freely of what was placed before them. When they were at last satisfied, Father Cyrille addressed the woman:

"You will excuse our silence, my daughter," said he, "but the best conversation for him who bestows hospitality is the sound of the knife and spoon of his guests. God will reward you for what you have done for poor travellers."

The mistress of the house crossed herself with a sigh, and murmured:

"May he hear you, reverend sir, for we live in times when we must expiate severely the faults of some."

"You are right," replied Father Cyrille mildly; "at this moment we see our kingdom delivered up to two nations and two princes whose only occupation is to injure each other; so no one can tell when our evils will end."

"Perhaps the moment is approaching," observed the woman, "for a new Judith has just arrived to save King Charles."

"A new Judith!" repeated the monk astonished.

"Did you not know it?" resumed the woman, "a girl who professes to be sent from God arrived at Chinon in the month of February. After having caused her to be examined by the bishops and the university of Poitiers, Charles placed her at the head of a body of troops he was sending to Orleans, and she caused the English to raise the siege."

"Is it possible!" interrupted Remy.

"So possible, that she is now at Loches, where the King is at present."

"Let us set out for Loches, father!" exclaimed the youth, rising.

Their hostess objected. The dangers of the road covered with English parties, who, since the defeat of Orleans, gave no quarter to any one. But Father Cyrille replied that God, who had protected them during the three months past, would not forsake them. So resuming his staff which he had placed beside the door, he went out, accompanied by Remy.

#### CHAPTER VI.

THE announcement of the successes obtained by the unknown girl, who led the French army,

and the arrival of the court at Loches, had singularly rejoiced the young man; he was still more so when he learned that the Maid of Orleans had just re-conquered successively Jargeau, Mennay, Beaugency, and that the King was advancing with her towards Beauce.

His guide and himself then changed their direction; they left Orleans on their left and reached the outskirts of the forest of Neuville.

Until then Father Cyrille had endured the fatigues of the journey without complaint. But their provisions were now exhausted and they were reduced to live upon roots and wild herbs. The rain fell almost incessantly, and they found no other shelter but crumbling ruins or forsaken quarries. Father Cyrille's strength gave way. In the fourth day, exhausted by cold, fatigue and hunger, he stopped at the entrance of a little coppice and fell heavily beside the trunk of an old tree.

Seized with terror, Remy called for help; a shade advanced towards him.

"Whoever you may be," exclaimed he, "aid us."

"Who are you, and what are you doing here?" asked the old woman.

Remy explained in a few words their situation and supplicated a shelter for himself and his companions. The old woman at first appeared to hesitate, but at last taking one of Father Cyrille's arms, while Remy took the other, they conducted him in this manner to the hill which bordered this coppice.

An old chateau long since ruined stood on its summit, and its dilapidated towers were dimly outlined in the sky laden with heavy mists. After having followed a rocky path and cleared the remains of walls, the old woman at last pushed open the door of a sort of subterranean cave amid the ruins, which served as her habitation. She left her guests for a moment and returned with a lighted lamp; but at sight of the gown of Father Cyrille, which the darkness had not permitted her to distinguish before, she could not suppress a movement of surprise and terror.

"A monk!" exclaimed she.

"Would you rather have seen a soldier?" said the monk, who was beginning to revive.

"Fear nothing, good woman, we are peaceable people, and shall be doubly obliged to you, if after having granted us a place beneath your roof, you will kindle a fire for us."

The old woman muttered some unintelligible words, took the lamp and was about to introduce her guests into a second room more remote; but Remy, who had just cast his eyes around the one where they were at this moment, hastily seized the hand of Father Cyrille, and said:

"God protect us! do you see where we are, father?"

The monk raised his head and started in his turn.

"If I am not mistaken, this is a laboratory of diabolical science," said he with a vivacity in which fear had evidently less a part than curiosity, and he cast around him an eager glance.

The species of dungeon in which he found

himself was garnished with all the mysterious articles employed in sorcery. But what especially struck the eyes of Father Cyrille was an enormous toad, a prisoner under a globe of glass. He wore on his back the little mantle of taffety indicating that he had been baptized by a sacrilegious priest, and had on his back a sort of brilliant crest.

The inquisitive attention of the monk had not escaped the old woman, and she increased it by enumerating aloud, in the form of a threat, the different endowments of her art.

Remy overwhelmed with terror, wished to leave immediately, but Father Cyrille, whose fear was mingled with wonder, detained him.

"Remain," exclaimed he; "remain and cross yourself; the power of the demon cannot prevail against the symbol of Redemption. In the name of the Trinity, I conjure you, servant of Ashtaroth and Beelzebub, to cease your threats and renounce your spells."

The sorcerers stopped and remained for an instant motionless beside the door. Father Cyrille did not doubt that she would obey in spite of herself the powerful exorcism which he had just pronounced; but the old woman, who seemed to be listening, suddenly approached and said:

"Some one is coming to consult the *Queen of Neuville*."

"You have then received warning from the demon?" asked the astonished monk.

"They are many," resumed the sorcerer, turning her back upon the door; "they are armed; withdraw with the boy and leave me to speak to them without witnesses."

She had taken the lamp and advanced towards an adjoining room; this she made her two guests enter.

It was a spacious cave, at the extremity of which was a still flaming brazier and a litter of dry leaves. The *Queen of Neuville* invited the two travellers to warm themselves and take some rest, then withdrew, closing the door of separation.

The terror of Remy was not dispelled. The monk attempted to calm him by repeating that magic formulas could be counteracted by those of exorcism. He afterwards approached the brazier which he rekindled and invited the youth to sit down with him on the bed of leaves.

But the voices of the new visitors were just then heard in the first room; Remy cautiously approached the door closed by the old woman, and, placing his eye to the crevices left between the disjointed boards, distinctly perceived all the personages of the scene transpiring on the other side.

The *Queen of Neuville* was standing a few steps off, holding in one hand an iron wand, while the other rested on the globe which covered the toad. Near the entrance were three armed men, whom the youth immediately recognized, by their costume and their colonies, to be archers of the Sire de Flavi. All three spoke timidly from a distance to the sorceress; but at last one of them appeared to be emboldened: taking a step forward, he found himself in the space illuminated



by the lamp; his features, until then concealed in the shadow, were suddenly revealed, and Remy recognized *Exaudi nos*.

Although he spoke to the old woman with his habitual effrontery, this effrontery was mingled with visible uneasiness.

"So you have come to seek a garment of safety?" said the *Queen of Neuville*, evidently replying to a request previously made by the archer.

"Yes," replied the latter, who could not take his eyes from the toad; "a garment which may serve me at once against blows and against sorceries."

"And is that all?" asked the *Queen of Neuville*, looking earnestly at *Exaudi nos*.

"Is it not enough?" replied the latter, with some embarrassment.

The sorceress struck the great cauldron with her iron wand.

"You have a more important demand to make," said she angrily; "You come to consult me on the part of your master."

The archer appeared stupefied.

"She has divined it," exclaimed he, taking one step backwards and looking at his companions; "nevertheless God is my witness that the Sire de Flavi spoke to me of it for the first time, two hours ago, at the inn of Bois. Since you know all, woman or witch, I have nothing to tell you."

"Speak on," returned the *Queen of Neuville* with authority; "I wish to see if you are sincere."

"What is the use of lying, when you can read over my intentions?" resumed Richard almost fearfully. "The Sire de Flavi has indeed heard that nothing is concealed from you, and has sent me to ask you some questions."

"What are they?"

"And first you must know that our master has for a long time sought the heir of the Lady of Varennes, whose return he fears." Chance conducted him hither some time since, and he allowed him to escape without suspecting whom he was losing. On my return to Tonnerre, I easily recognized, by what was told me respecting the prisoners, the young Lord of Varennes and the monk who served as his guide."

"A monk!" exclaimed the *Queen of Neuville*.

"Messire de Flavi is ignorant what route they have followed," resumed *Exaudi nos*, "and it is that which he wishes to learn of you."

"It is they!" repeated the old woman, as if to herself; "a monk already old and bald, with a youth of sixteen years, bold air, and wearing the costume of a novice."

"On my soul, it is so!" said the archer more and more surprised.

"And you seek them?" resumed the old woman.

"That is to say Messire de Flavi wishes to know where they are to be found."

"What will he give if I inform him? If I deliver up to you the monk and his companion immediately?"

"Is it possible!" exclaimed *Exaudi nos*. "What! can the power of your art bring them here?"

"Give me only the two gold pieces which the

Sire de Remy has committed to you for me," resumed the *Queen of Neuville*, extending her wrinkled hand.

"Ah! you knew that also," said the archer, more and more astonished; and drawing from his girdle the money demanded: "Well, take it, and let us see whether you will fulfil your promise."

The old woman took the gold pieces: then, turning, began to murmur some mysterious words and to describe magic circles with her wand. As she spoke, the sound of her voice seemed to excite in her a sort of vertigo, she ran around the room, striking the sonorous cauldrons with her wand and repeating cabalistical words.

*Exaudi nos* and his terrified companions had recoiled to the entrance; but suddenly the *Queen of Neuville*, who had arrived near the cave in which Father Cyrille and Remy were shut up, exclaimed:

"Well, well, Mysoch, they are there."

"Who?" asked the archer; who, amid his terror, had just forgotten the object of the conjuration.

By way of reply, the *Queen of Neuville* hastily opened the door of the cave, and the three soldiers perceived the monk and the youth standing near the threshold.

#### CHAPTER VII.

The next day, at an advanced hour, the troop of the Sire de Flavi stopped on one of the points of the plain which separates Artenay from Patay. The cavaliers had dismounted to allow their horses to browse, and were stretched on the grass to repose, when their chief suddenly emerged from a cottage, where he had been joined by a messenger just arrived, and sounded to the saddle; he had just learned the defeat of the English at Patay and the arrival of the king with the victorious army.

All his companions, among whom this happy news was immediately circulated, were hastening to bridle their horses and to take up their arms to go to meet Charles VII., when *Exaudi nos* appeared covered with dust and perspiration.

On seeing him, the governor of Tonnerre, who was about to mount his horse, stopped:

"Well?" asked he earnestly, taking the archer aside.

"I have succeeded!" replied Richard triumphantly.

"What! the fugitives?"

"Look!"

The Sire de Flavi turned and perceived, at a few paces distance, under a walnut, Father Cyrille and Remy, guarded by the companions of Richard.

The countenance of Messire de Flavi assumed an expression of resolute sternness. He looked at the prisoners an instant, as if deliberating what he should do; then hastily advancing towards them, said:

"They shall not escape us this time; I will make an example of these traitors, who have sold France to men beyond the sea."

A murmur of approbation arose among the gendarmes who surrounded the prisoners.

"Yes, yes, they shall be made examples," repeated several voices. "A rope! bring a rope!"

"Here is one," cried Richard, detaching the halter from the horse of a servant.

"There is but one cravat for two," observed a gendarme.

"Each shall have his turn, like a sentinel," replied a second.

"Which shall we commence with?"

"With the monk! with the monk!"

"No," said Flavi, "with the boy."

*Exaudi nos* had led the horse to a tree; he mounted the saddle, reached a branch and fastened the extremity of the halter to it. The two soldiers attempted to seize Remy; but Father Cyrille threw himself before him.

"Do not kill him!" exclaimed he, "in the name of God, do not kill him! we are not spies! The Sire de Flavi knows it, for his archer knows us. He has received hospitality in our convent. I dressed the wound on his right leg. I adjure him to declare here the truth!"

"Make haste," cried the governor, "hang them, or I will cut their throats with my sword."

As he pronounced these words he had drawn the sword which he wore at his girdle, but was interrupted by loud shouts, and by a movement among the armed men who surrounded him; a troop of cavaliers had just appeared at a turn in the road, and arrived amid a cloud of dust. By their vestments of silk and gold, by the plumes which adorned their helmets, they were recognized as the King's guard.

In their midst rode Charles VII, accompanied by the Constable de Richemond, La Tremouille, and the Maid of Orleans, with her standard of fustian fringed with gold. The troop halted at a few paces from the walnut.

As they recognized the King all the armed men had hastened to their horses to form their ranks, in order to receive him, and de Flavi was obliged to imitate them. The three soldiers were left alone with the monk and Remy; but they released the latter, whom they had raised towards the rope, and let him drop on the ground.

There was a moment when every glance even those of the two prisoners, was occupied only with the victorious troop who had just stopped. The group in the midst of which the King was, slowly detached itself and advanced towards the company of the Sire de Flavi, which had just formed into ranks. The Maid of Orleans marched on the right of Charles, clad in a suit of armor which had been manufactured for her, and girded with the five-starred sword, found on the church of Fierbois; her visor was lowered as if for combat.

Arrived at a little distance from the tree, she perceived the monk and the youth bound, and noticed the cord hanging from the branch.

"What were you about to do with these people?" asked she, stopping.

"They are traitors," replied the Sire de Flavi.

"Let them perish then, if it is the will of God!" resumed Jeanne, sighing.

Then, as she approached nearer, she stopped again with an exclamation of surprise.

"Traitors!" repeated she hastily; "on my soul, you are mistaken, Messire."

And, raising her visor, she revealed to the astonished eyes of Remy the features of the shepherdess of Domremy!"

The boy uttered a loud cry and extended his hands towards her: she urged her horse in that direction and bent forward.

"Is this true, are you a friend of the English?" resumed she, hastily.

"Let them give me arms," exclaimed Remy, with a movement of indignation, "and they shall see whether my heart is with Charles or with Bedford."

"Well answered," said the maiden, turning towards Charles who had approached; "and our noble king will not refuse me the pardon of a poor goatherd of my country."

"Ask rather for him justice!" exclaimed the monk, "and the poor goatherd will become a rich and noble lord; for as true as there is a God, the youth here present is the legitimate son of the lady of Varennes."

"Monk, thou liest!" exclaimed de Flavi, hastily advancing his horse towards Father Cyrille, and striking him so violently that he fell stunned and bleeding. "Take away this fellow," added he, making a sign to his people to seize him.

But Jeanne had sprang to the ground to raise the monk, and exclaimed with emotion:—

"Ah! he is wounded. Help me to relieve him, gentlemen, my heart faints when I see the blood of a Frenchman flow."

"That was not the act of a gentleman," said the king, severely.

"No," returned the maiden; "true knights do not strike the weak; but we will soon see whether these persons speak the truth."

"That will be easily done," replied Charles; "for we shall pass the chateau of Varennes this very evening. We will bring your protégés into the presence of the lady and wise men, who shall decide."

Towards evening the whole company encamped in sight of the chateau of Varennes, and Ambleville, one of the heralds of arms of the Maid of Orleans, came in search of Remy and his guide. The king and Jeanne had preceded them to the chateau.

On entering the grand hall they found Jeanne surrounded by several bishops and gentlemen who formed the king's council. The Sire de Flavi was near the door, with a more ferocious air than usual.

At the moment the monk entered with Remy, the Maid stepped towards them.

"In the name of the Virgin Mary," said she, approach fearlessly, and explain your rights to these gentlemen. If you have spoken truth, as I believe, they will be merciful to you."

Cyrille bowed respectfully to the members of the council.

Regnault de Chartres, Archbishop of Rheims and Chancellor of France, made a sign to the other members of the council, who sat down; then he commenced the interrogatory of Remy and Father Cyrille. The latter related in detail all which the reader already knows, and presented, in support of his declarations, the letter dictated by Jerome Pastoret before his death.

But Messire de Flavi, who had listened to his

narration with a smile of ironical incredulity, shrugged his shoulders when he had finished.

"The story is very ingenious," said he, in a scornful tone, "and might find men credulous enough to believe it; but before replying to the reverend monk, I pray the council to hear the archer, from whom I learned the researches of the Lady of Varennes."

The Chancellor ordered him to be introduced, and *Exaudi nos* presented himself.

He affected a respectful timidity, which disposed the Council favorably. After having reassured him, the Archbishop of Rheims asked him to declare what he knew, and Richard related how, on learning the search the Lady of Varennes was making, Father Cyrille had thought of presenting Remy in the place of the lost child, and had proposed to him to enter into the plot. This declaration was made with so much composure and precision, that the Council seemed shaken by it; but Jeanne, who had withdrawn apart to pray, as was her custom, approached at the moment, and, hearing the last words of *Exaudi nos*, exclaimed:—

"By the true cross, I know this witness; it is he who traitorously plotted my death, when I was on my way to the king."

At this unexpected declaration, there was a general movement; the surprised judges turned; *Exaudi nos* became pale, and Father Cyrille approached Jeanne.

"Yes, it is indeed he," resumed the latter, her glance resting upon Richard. "Aided by the messenger, he intended to drown me as I crossed the bridge."

"And if you escaped," added the monk, "it is to the child, under God, that you owe it; for the voice, heard in the church of La Roche, was his."

"If it is indeed thus," exclaimed Jeanne, "our noble king will not refuse to aid me in discharging a just debt."

This incident had produced a sudden re-action. The accusation against *Exaudi nos*, by Jeanne, had completely destroyed the effect of his testimony, and the service rendered to the heroine by Remy had evidently awakened the interest of the Council in his favor.

"If I dared speak before so many learned men," resumed Jeanne, "I would ask why the Lady of Varennes has not been summoned? she may be able to recognize her son."

The members of the Council made a sign of assent; they consulted together for a moment, and after having caused the monk and Remy to withdraw behind the tapestry, they sent for the mistress of the chateau.

The latter presented herself, accompanied by her almoner: she was a woman of forty years, who had been beautiful, but was now pale with sorrow and austerity. She wore the deep mourning of a widow. Informed that her son was in question,—she believed him lost,—and her first exclamation demanded where he was. The Chancellor attempted to tranquillize her.

"He who claims this name has not proved his right to bear it," said he.

"Let him come forward," hastily replied the lady; "I have an infallible means of recognizing him, on the prayer of St. Clotilde, which has been transmitted from mother to mother in our

family, and is taught to the first-born. My son was three years old when he learned it. If he has not forgotten it, if he can repeat even a few words, doubt is impossible, for it is known only to ourselves."

And seeking, with a glance around her, him who might be her son, the widow began to murmur, in a tremulous tone:—

"St. Clotilde! thou who hast no child in Paradise, take mine under thy protection; be near him, when I shall be no more, here and everywhere."

She stopped, palpitating, as if she had expected a reply to this species of appeal. Suddenly, a youthful and firm voice was heard, and continued:—

"St. Clotilde! I give thee my son, little, that thou mayest make a man of him; and weak, that thou mayest make him strong. Take away three days from my life, to add ten to his, and all my joys, to give him a hundred times as many!"

The Lady of Varennes uttered a cry, extended her arms, and fell on her knees.

"He knows the prayer!" stammered she. "It is he, my son!"

"My mother!" replied a voice.

And the curtain, hastily drawn aside, revealed Remy, who sprang into the arms of the widow!

Such scenes cannot be described. There were sobs of joy, names interchanged, embraces mingled with tears. The members of the Council were affected. Jeanne prayed and wept, and Father Cyrille, beside himself with joy, exclaimed:

"I was sure of it—the horoscope had announced it. Persecuted by Taurus, succored by Virgo and Mars. Virgo and Mars is Jeanne, the pure and warlike Jeanne, *sicut erat Pallas*. Now, God save France! I have saved my little goatherd."

#### CHAPTER VIII.

In assuming the name and rank belonging to his birth, Remy did not forget the past. Father Cyrille always remained, in his eyes, his benefactor and spiritual father. The Lady of Varennes and himself retained him at the chateau, where they gave him a tower for a laboratory. As for Jeanne, she pursued her mission of deliverer, and after having conducted King Charles to Rheims, she continued to drive the English from province to province and from city to city. Learning at last that Compiegne was besieged, she repaired thither.

But Messire de Flavi, who was governor of Compiegne, had not forgotten that it was especially to Jeanne that he was indebted for the loss of the fortune of the Lady of Varennes. In a sortie in which she had repulsed the enemy with her accustomed valor, she was left behind those who re-entered, and found the gates of the city closed! Taken prisoner by the English, she was judged, condemned as a sorceress, and burned alive at Rouen. When Remy learned her end, he wept at once for his benefactress and the deliverer of France. As for Father Cyrille, he sighed, but did not seem astonished.

"Very well," murmured he, "the horoscope is fulfilled: always the hostility of Taurus! Alas! no one can escape the judgments of God or the evil influences of his star!"

From the New Monthly Magazine.

### THE LION-KILLER OF ALGERIA.

M. JULES GERARD is one of those extraordinary men who seem to have sprung from the French occupation of Algeria. In his own particular department, he can only be compared to the Changarniers, the Cavaignacs, the Lamoricières, the St. Arnauds—the *élite* of the African army in theirs. Still in the prime of life, he is in military rank only a lieutenant of Spahis; but as *le tueur de Lions* his reputation has spread all over Europe and Africa; the Arabs go in quest of him from the most remote duars or encampments, in order to enlist his services against their most formidable enemy. Travellers and romancers have vied with one another in giving currency to his exploits. We are not quite sure if the inimitable Dumas does not boast of having shared a *cotelette de lion* with the African chasseur.

We grieve to find that so resolute a lion-exterminator complains of wear of constitution by toil, privation, fatigue, exposure, and excitement. "My limbs," he tells us, "are no longer supple, my rifle weighs heavily in my hands. My breathing is oppressed on ascending the most trifling eminence—my eyes alone have remained good. The whole machine has worn itself out in the field of honor; may you one day be able to say as much. But I shall nevertheless go on to the end, too happy if Saint Hubert grants me the favor of dying in the claws and the jaws of a lion.\*

M. Jules Gerard has, according to his own account, spent six hundred nights alone in the African wilderness, exploring the ravines most favored by the king of beasts, or waiting at the most frequented passes and fords; he has in that time only seen twenty-five lions. Such a rencounter is not a thing of every day; it requires a vast fund of assiduity, endurance, and perseverance, and not the least curious part of such devoted enmity to the lion tribe is its origin—one which a traveller in the East can almost alone be expected to sympathize with.

The spirit of the "Lion-Killer" was of that select nature which cannot bear to succumb before man or animal—the very proof of this is his readiness on the other hand to bow down before the Creator, or to worship him through Saint Hubert—his patron saint. But he could not bear to be called a *dog of a Christian*. He saw that the Arabs were courageous—far more so than it is given to Europeans to be—but he saw also that they looked with supreme contempt and the most insufferable disdain at their French conquerors, and this he could not

tolerate. He became resolved to teach them that a Frenchman could do what they could not—attack and slay a lion single-handed, by night, alone:

Already at that time (he says, on an occasion when he was applied to by the people of Mahuna to disembarass the tribe of a family of lions who had taken up their summer quarters in their territory, and who much abused the rights of hospitality), I had spent upwards of a hundred nights alone and without shelter, sometimes seated at the bottom of a ravine frequented by lions, at others beating the pathless woods.

I had met with troops of marauders and with lions, and with the help of God and of Saint Hubert I had always got through successfully.

Only experience had taught me that two balls seldom sufficed to kill an adult lion, and every time that I started on a fresh excursion, I remembered, whether I liked it or not, that such a night appeared too long, either because I was overtaken by an attack of fever which made my hand shake, when I bade it be firm, or that some sudden storm had broken over me, at the most inopportune moment, and had prevented me seeing aught around me for hours together, and that at the very moment when the roar of a lion answered to the rolling of the thunder, and that so close to me, that I looked upon one flash of lightning as a piece of good luck, for which, could it only have been prolonged a moment, I would have given half the blood that flowed in my veins.

And yet I cherished this loneliness—I sought it out of spirit of nationality, in order to lower the hateful pride of the Arabs, whom I was happy to see humble themselves before a Frenchman, not so much for the services which he rendered them gratuitously, and at the peril of his life, but because he accomplished by himself that which they did not dare to do in numbers.

Thus, not only was every lion that fell, a matter of wonder to them,—but still less could they understand how a stranger could venture alone, and at night, in those ravines which the people of the country avoided even by broad daylight.

In the eyes of the Arabs, brave in war, brave everywhere, except in the presence of the master who they say holds his force from the Creator, the hunter did not require to awaken the duars of the mountain, by a distant explosion, in order to obtain a triumph.

It was sufficient that he should leave his tent at the fall of night, and that he should return at break of day safe and well.

It will be easily understood that the existence of this feeling among the Arabs made it a law with me to continue in the career which I had marked out for myself, and that it was even of great help to me against emotions which were sometimes all-powerful, and against, I am not ashamed to add, the anguish of solitude by night in a country bristling with dangers of all kinds.

The national pride which had made me enter upon this career, once satisfied by repeated successes, I might have allowed myself to be accompanied by a few men, of great courage and devotedness, whose presence alone would have

\* La Chasse au Lion et les autres Chasses de l'Algérie, par Jules Gerard, précédées d'une introduction par M. Leon Bertrand, Directeur du Journal des Chasseurs.

rendered my task one of less irksomeness; but I had so excited myself in favor of these nocturnal expeditions, face to face with my rifle, that it often happened to me to pass my night in the woods, even when I had no hopes of meeting a lion, wandering at haphazard till day would break upon me, far away from my tent, harassed with fatigue, stumbling from sleepiness, and yet proud of the manner I had passed my time, pleased with myself, and ready to begin again in the evening.

I scarcely believe that one of my readers will understand this impulse, for I doubt that I could have sympathized with it myself until I had experienced it.

Should one of my numerous brethren of Saint Hubert come with me from evening till morning, for a whole month, in these savage glens which seem to be made for lions only, and should he have the good fortune to hear that magisterial voice which imposes silence and dread on all created beings, that man would certainly experience emotions which were before unknown to him; but still the presence of a fellow-creature by his side would prevent his feeling, or even understanding, what is experienced by the hunter who is completely isolated.

From the moment that the first stars twinkle in the heavens, till break of day, the latter is obliged to be perpetually on the look-out; to perceive and to distinguish every noise, to decide at once if he does not mistake stones for marauders, or marauders for stones; to penetrate with his eyes the thickness of the forest and the gloom that hangs over his pathway; to stop and listen, to be sure that he is not followed; in one word, to remember that he is momentarily in danger of death, without hope of assistance; and, as a sequence, he is always in a state of excitement, and yet ready to fight with that calmness and steadiness which do not always save him in so unequal a struggle, but without which he is lost, without a chance or a resource.

Such are the very things that aroused in me the passion for hunting lions by night, and alone.

If among the sportsmen for whom I have written these lines, there should be one who would wish to enter the lists; to make him understand the pleasures which may indemnify him for the moral and physical fatigues which any one following such a pursuit must of necessity be exposed to; I should say to such an one: "The lists are open to all; have yourself bravely inscribed!"

"But away with all traps and pitfalls, all ambuscades, as practised by the Arabs!"

"Away with all daylight-hunting and the presence of witnesses, before whom you dare not be afraid!"

"Wait for night, and at the first roar of the lion be off, but alone and on foot!"

"If you do not find the lion, begin again next night, if you can, and then another, till your expedition has had a conclusion."

"If you come back from it, which I earnestly desire may be the case, so that I may give up my place to you, I promise you, in return for what you shall have gone through—in the first place, for the future an utter indifference to death, with

whom you will be always ready to make an alliance, whatever may be the form under which he shall present himself; in the second, the esteem, the affection, the gratitude, and even more, of a multitude of people who are, and who will remain hostile to all of your country and your religion; and, lastly, reminiscences which will give youth to your old age."

"If you do not return, which will grieve me both on your own account and mine, you may be sure that, at the spot where the Arabs shall find your remains, they will raise—not a mausoleum, as they say with us—but a heap of stones, on the top of which they will place broken pottery, rusty iron, a stray cannon-ball, a heap of things, which with them take the place of an epitaph, and signify: *Here perished a man.*"

"You must understand that, with the Arabs, it is not sufficient to cultivate a pair of mustaches, or have a hirsute chin, to be a *man*, and that with them such an epitaph means a great deal more than many a well-set phrase. I only know that, so far as I am personally concerned, I wish for no other."

Before we describe in the words of the "Lion-Killer" how he dealt with the monarch of the wilderness, it will be well to say something as to how the Arabs vanquish this most formidable enemy to their flocks; and this again must be preluded by a few words concerning the lion itself. It appears, then, from the experiences obtained by M. Jules Gerard, that lions are much more numerous than lionesses; hence it is not an uncommon thing to meet one of these ladies accompanied by three or four pretenders, who ever and anon indulge in a little skirmish, until disgusted at seeing none of these gallants bite the dust in her cause, the lioness conducts the trio into the presence of some great old lion, whose courage she has appreciated by hearing him roar.

The lovers resign themselves bravely to the combat, and arrive with the lioness in presence of their formidable rival.

No discussion takes place; the results of such a meeting are infallible. Attacked by the three pretenders, the old lion receives them without moving a step; with the first bite he kills one, with the second he grinds a leg of another, and the third may think himself well off if he gets away with one eye, leaving the other in the claws of the conqueror.

When two grown-up lions meet under similar circumstances matters take a different turn:

Muhammed, great hunter of all kinds of animals except lions, was, one fine moon-light night, perched upon an oak, waiting for a hind he had seen in company with some stags. The tree upon which he had posted himself, stood in the midst of an extensive glade, and close by a pathway.



About midnight he saw a lioness arrive, followed by a yellow lion with full mane. The lioness left the pathway, and came and laid down at the foot of the oak; the lion remained upright, and seemed to listen.

Muhammad then heard a distant roaring — so distant as to be scarcely perceptible, but the lioness answered it. The lion then began to roar so lustily that the terrified Arab let his gun fall whilst laying hold of the branches to prevent himself from tumbling down from the tree.

As the animal which had first been heard came nearer, the lioness roared still more loudly, whilst the lion paced backwards and forwards, looking now and then furiously at the lioness, as if to impose silence on her, and then turning round, as if to say: "Well, come, I am waiting for you."

At the expiration of an hour, a lion black as a boar (the lion with a black mane appears, as in Southern Africa, to be stronger and more ferocious than the lion with a yellow mane) made his appearance in the glade. The lioness rose up to meet him, but the lion at once placed himself between her and the new-comer. Both stooped to take their spring, bounded simultaneously against one another, and then rolled upon the greensward in the midst of the glade, to rise no more.

The struggle was long and frightful to behold by the involuntary witness of this duel.

Whilst bones were cracking under the powerful jaws of these terrible adversaries, their claws were tearing out their entrails, which lay palpitating on the grass, and stifled angry moans spoke at once of their passion and their sufferings.

The lioness had lain down on her belly from the beginning of the combat to the end; and she testified, by wagging the tip of her tail, how much pleasure she experienced at seeing these two lions destroying one another for her sake.

When all was over, she cautiously approached the two bodies to smell them, after which she slowly took her way to other districts, without condescending to reply to the rather coarse epithet which Muhammad could not prevent himself (for want of a ball) applying to her, and not without some justifiable reasons.

What De Balzac was to the Parisians, M. Jules Gerard is to the lionesses. This example of conjugal infidelity applies itself, he tells us, to the whole sex. Yet nothing can exceed the cares and the attentions of the wedded lion. He always walks behind his lady; if she stops, he stops also. If they arrive at a duar which is to furnish supper she lies down, whilst he bravely throws himself over the inclosure, and brings her whatever she has selected as most worthy of her; nor does he venture to eat himself till she has satisfied her appetite. Such attentions deserve a better fate. When a lioness is about to cub, she repairs to some isolated and little-frequented ravine. The lion keeps watch at a short distance. The cubs, especially the females, suffer much from dentition, and many perish at

that time. The Arabs also try to capture the lion cubs, watching for a moment when the parents are away. This is a feat not unaccompanied by danger; witness the following anecdote:

In the month of March, 1840, a lioness cubbed in a wood called Al Guala, situated in the mountain of Maziyun, among the Zirdasah. The chief of the country, Zaidan, summoned Sidak ban Umbark, shaikh of the tribe of Bani Furrat, his neighbor; and on the day appointed thirty men of each tribe met on the Maziyun by break of day.\*

The sixty Arabs, after having surrounded the bush in every direction, harrassed lustily, and seeing no lioness make its appearance, they pushed into the cover, and captured two cubs.

They were returning noisily, thinking that they had nothing further to apprehend from the mother, when Shaikh Sidak, who had remained a little behind, saw her coming out of the wood and making right towards him.

He hastened to call his nephew, Maka-ud, and his friend, Ali ban Braham, who ran to his assistance. The lioness, instead of attacking the shaikh, who was on horseback, rushed upon the nephew, who was on foot.

The latter waited for her without flinching, and only pulled his trigger when the animal was upon him. The old weapon flashed in the pan. Maka-ud then threw down his gun, and presented his left arm to the lioness wrapped in his burnus. The latter seized it and ground it to pieces, whilst the gallant young fellow, without recoiling a step, or uttering a single groan, seized a pistol which he carried under his burnus, and obliged the lioness to let go, by putting two balls into its belly.

A moment afterwards the lioness threw herself upon Ali ban Braham, who sent a ball into her throat with little effect; he was seized by the shoulders and thrown down; his right hand was ground to atoms, several ribs were laid bare, and he only owed his safety to the death of the lioness, which expired over his body.

Ali ban Braham survived this adventure, but a lame and useless man; Maka-ud died twenty-four days afterwards.

The cubs begin to attack sheep or goats that stray into their neighborhood by the time they are from eight months to a year old. Sometimes they even try a cow, but they are so unskilful that often ten are wounded for one killed, and the father is obliged to lend a helping paw.

\* The Arabic of Tunis, Algiers, and Morocco (*Mughribu-l-Aksa* and *Mughribu-l-Ausat*, whence our *Moors*) differs materially from that of Egypt and Arabia Proper; hence we have adopted, when available, Count Graberg's vocabulary, published in the seventh volume of the *Journal of the Royal Geographical Society*. The French write *el* for *al*, the: *oun* for *un*, as in *ain*, *ayun*, spring, springs; *cheik* for *shaikh*; *donar* for *duar*, encampment: *Ouled* for *U'lut* tribe; and *oued* for *wad*, a river, plural *awdighah*, rivers; or in Morocco, *widan*.

It is not, indeed, till they are two years of age that young lions know how to strangle a camel, a horse, or an ox, with a single grasp at their throats, or to bound over the hedges about a couple of yards in height, which are supposed to protect the duars.

At this period of their life lions are truly ruinous to the Arabs. They kill not only to obtain food, but to learn to kill. It can be easily understood what such an apprenticeship must cost to those who have to furnish the elements. The lions are adult at eight years of age; the male has then a full mane, and the Arabs distinguish the chief with a black mane, *al adriya*, the most formidable of all; the yellow lion, *al asfar*; and the gray lion, *al zaruri*. The yellow and gray lions wander over wide tracts of country, but the black lion has been known to reside for thirty years in the same spot. Lions do not feed by day—the time at which travellers have passed such, or met with them with impunity. At night-time such a encounter would, our experienced hunter asserts, be most assuredly fatal to any one except to so practised a shot as M. Jules Gerard himself, or to so gallant a sportsman as Mr. Gordon Cumming:

Some years before the occupation of Constantine by the French, among the prisoners in the town there were two condemned to death, two brothers, who were to be executed the next morning.

These men were ham-stringers on the highway, and many traits of their strength and daring were related. The Bey, fearing an evasion, had had a foot of each united in the same iron shackle, and this riveted on the flesh.

No one knows how it happened, but certain it is, that when the executioner presented himself in the morning, the prison was empty.

In the mean time, after many ineffectual attempts to rid themselves of their horrible shackle, the two brothers had taken to the open country, to avoid all untoward encounters.

When the day broke they hid themselves among the rocks, and when night came they continued their journey. About midnight they met with a lion.

The two robbers began by throwing stones at him, shouting at the same time as lustily as they could, to endeavor to frighten him, but the animal couched himself before them and never moved.

Finding that insults and opprobrious epithets were of no avail, the brothers had then recourse to prayers; but the lion bounded upon them, threw them down, and without further to do set to work eating up the elder by the side of his brother, who simulated death.

When he came to the leg that was held by the shackle, the lion, feeling an obstacle, he cut it off below the knee. This done, being satisfied or thirsty, he took himself off to a neighboring spring. Thinking that the lion would come back the moment he had satisfied his thirst, the poor

devil who remained behind sought for some place to hide himself; and, luckily, finding a hole, he dragged himself and his brother's leg into it. Shortly afterwards he heard the lion roar passionately, and pass several times near the hole in which he was hid. At last day broke, and the animal went away.

At the moment when the unfortunate man was getting out of his hole, he found himself in presence of several of the Bey's horsemen, who were on the look-out for the lost prisoners. One of them took him up behind, and he was conveyed back to prison.

The Bey not being able to credit the story as related to him, he ordered the man to be brought before him, still dragging with him his brother's leg. Notwithstanding his reputation for cruelty, Ahmed Bey, on seeing the man, ordered his shackles to be let loose, and set him at liberty.

M. Jules Gerard calculates that every lion consumes annually, horses, mules, camels, oxen and sheep, to the value of 300*l*. The thirty lions, he says, which in the present day are to be met with in the province of Constantine, and which will be replaced by others from Tunis or Morocco, cost annually 4000*l*. The Arab who pays five francs taxes to the state, pays fifty francs to the lion. These poor people have burnt down half the woods in Algeria to rid themselves of these destructive neighbors. The authorities have inflicted heavy fines for such destruction of forests; but the Arabs have clubbed together to pay the fines, and continue to fire the woods.

The most striking features in the lion's character are, according to our experienced lion-killer, idleness, impassibility, and audacity. As to his magnanimity, he is no believer in such a thing, which is, indeed, opposed to the animal's instincts—the more powerful as they are uncontrolled by any counteracting influences, save satiety, indifference, or caution. The Arab proverb says, "When you start for a journey, do not go alone, and arm yourself as if you were going to meet a lion."

The Arabs, according to Mr. Jules Gerard, have found by experience that the gun alone is a means of destruction more dangerous for man than for a lion, so they have adopted snares instead; but it is manifest that snares to catch lions must have been in use before even guns were invented.

The snare most in use is the pit. During the spring, summer, and autumn months, the Arabs can establish their duar at some twenty or thirty miles from the lion-frequented mountains and forests; but in winter they are obliged to come nearer to both for fuel and shelter. This is a period when the lions enjoy themselves exceedingly. The Arabs, too lazy to work themselves, get the Kabyles to come and dig a pit for them in the very centre of

the duar, which generally contains from ten to thirty tents. The pit is then surrounded by branches, piled up to a height of about six or seven feet, and the cattle are placed at night within the tents, as near the pit as possible. When a lion comes, he vaults over the outer enclosure of the duar, and then bounding among the cattle tumbles into the pit, "where, roaring with anger and disappointment, he will be insulted and ill-treated, he whose imposing voice made the plain and the mountain tremble; he will die a miserable death, assassinated by cowards, by women and children."

When an event like this takes place, the whole duar rises in a mass, the women scream, the men fire away to communicate the intelligence to their neighbors, the children and dogs make a horrible noise; every one is almost delirious with joy, for every one has some loss or other to avenge. There is no more sleeping that night, fires are lit, a sheep is killed, the cuscussu is got ready, there are nothing but arrivals and feasting.

As to the lion, he makes one or two terrific bounds to clear the pit, but finding that this is impossible, he resigns himself to his fate. He hears all this noise—he knows that he is lost—that he will die there an inglorious death, incapable of defending himself; but he will receive insults and balls alike, without wincing, without a murmur.

When day comes the women and children begin to throw stones and abuse their captive enemy—the women are especially active in the latter department; then the men begin to fire balls at the noble beast, who, after he has received some dozen in his body without stirring or uttering a single moan, lifts up his fine majestic head to cast one long look of contempt at his enemies, and then lies down to die.

After the *zubiya* or pit, comes the *malbida* or hiding-places, which are of two kinds; a pit covered with branches of trees, stones, and earth, large enough to contain several men, and with holes left to fire out of, in the direction of a recently killed animal, put there as a bait; and a large old tree, in which several men can hide themselves and fire away in safety.

There are, however, some tribes who hunt the lion openly, but in numbers, and they have a certain set of signals understood only by one another. The lion never hesitates to attack them, even if they are thirty in number; and he is seldom killed without one of the number falling a victim to his prowess, or several leaving portions of their flesh in the claws of the expiring animal. A lion, it is to be observed, is always more dangerous at the moment of death than at any other time.

Thus, at the moment of action, if he can

reach one of his adversaries before he is wounded, he contents himself with overthrowing him as an obstacle, and the man, if he is covered with a good burnus, often escapes with a few scratches. But if he has received one or more balls, he kills or tears to pieces the first he seizes, or sometimes he will carry him off in his mouth, shaking him till he perceives other assailants, whom he attacks in their turn.

But when he is seriously hurt, struck to death for example, and he gets hold of an assailant, he draws him under him, squeezing him in his powerful grasp; and after having placed the victim's face under his eyes, he appears, like a cat with a mouse, to rejoice in his agony.

Whilst his claws tear away deliberately the flesh from his victim, his flaming eyeballs are fixed on him till he is so fascinated by the look that he neither dares to cry nor moan. From time to time the lion passes his great rough tongue over the face of the moribund, frowns at him, and shows his teeth.

Under such circumstances, as a number firing may involve the death of the man as well as that of the lion, the Arabs always depute one of their number, generally a near relative to the victim, to fire into the lion at the muzzle end of his gun. If the lion is exhausted, he grinds the head of the man that is beneath him the moment he sees the barrel lowered towards his ear, closes his eyes, and waits the fatal blow; but if, on the contrary, he can still act, he hastens to kill the victim in his grasp, only to spring upon the adventurous hunter who has dared to come to his succor. The duty which thus devolves upon a near relative among the Arabs is of the most perilous description; for as the lion remains couched over his victim it is impossible to form a correct estimate as to his condition, and the new assailant may be torn to pieces before he has even time to fire his gun, still less can any assistance be given to him, altho' his companions are standing ready only a few paces off.

It was absolutely necessary to understand the character of the African lion, and the difficulty which the Arabs experience in exterminating their most formidable enemy, to appreciate the prowess of the Algerian lion-killer. Should any of our readers experience a qualm of incredulity, we advise them to keep it to themselves, for the lion-killer deals in *lingots de fer*, sometimes a *pointe d'acier*, common bullets having been discarded long ago by him; and he is such a determined rover that, depend upon it, he will come over to administer a dose to any incredulous ally who may venture to impugn his veracity or doubt his good faith.

M. Jules Gerard relates, for example, that

he was summoned by the Ulut Kassi, or Ouled Cessi, as he calls them, to assist in extermination of a couple of lions who had taken up their quarters in their territory. He was glad of the opportunity, he tells us, to show what could be accomplished by the will of a *Christian dog*, and, although he "assisted" at the discussion which always with the Arabs precedes action, he was determined to do the thing himself, attended by only one of the tribe to carry a second rifle:

Scarcely had the Arabs quitted the place of discussion (our lion-killer relates) to reach the position I had assigned them, as one of observation, than a lion came out of the wood and made right towards me: a second followed at about a distance of fifty paces.

I was seated on a rock which commanded the position, and which could only be reached by steps intersected with crevices.

The Arab was by my side; I took my Devisme rifle and cocked it. I also cocked the reserve one-barrelled rifle and left it in the man's hands, after having encouraged him, and told him to hand it to me the moment I had fired twice.

The first lion having vaulted upon the lower steps of the rock, he stopped; I was just going to pull the trigger when he turned to look at his comrade.

This movement presented me the shoulder so advantageously that I no longer hesitated.

He fell roaring at the discharge, tried to get up, but fell down again. Both shoulders were broken.

The second was already at the foot of the rock, his tail up; he received the first shot a little behind the shoulder when about ten paces from his companion; he was staggered for a moment, but soon recovered himself, and with a prodigious spring reached the very rock on which I stood.

To take the rifle out of the hands of the trembling Arab, to aim it at the lion's temple, to fire and kill it on the spot at a distance of barely four paces, was done and accomplished, thanks to the protection of Saint Hubert, my patron in less time than it takes me to write it down.

This is the way to kill lions—two at one sitting—without a scratch or even a chance of resistance on the part of the powerful beasts! Well may the lion-killer have felt proud of his prowess in the presence of the brave but unskilful Arab! How such success shows what can be done, with efficient arms and a steady hand and eye. The consciousness that the least wavering in firmness of purpose at such a supreme crisis must entail an inevitable and a painful death, would unnerve some people; others, on the contrary, it would only nerve to the point and steady to the emergency. It is manifestly, however, no sport for a constitutionally nervous man—he had better keep to spearing wild boars in company, or shooting tigers from an elephant's back.

On the 16th of July, 1845, M. Jules Gerard received an invitation from the inhabitants of the Mahuna to assist them in getting rid of a family of lions, who had established themselves in their neighborhood. On arriving in their territory, he ascertained that the family was in the habit of quenching their thirst every night in the Wad Sharf, and, making his way to the spot indicated, he ascertained by the footprints that the family was numerous, consisting of father and mother and three children, already nearly of the age of adults.

An old shaikh of the tribe—Tayib by name—who was one of the party, said, "There are too many of them; let us go away." The lion-killer only bade the Arabs withdraw, he would remain, and after prayers for his safety, and piling a heap of wood to be fired as a signal of success, they all went away, the old shaikh not forgetting to recommend "the lord with the big head"—the father of the family—to the lion-killer's attentions. He had devoured his favorite mare and ten cows!

A few minutes more (M. Jules Gerard relates) the shaikh had disappeared in the wood, and I remained alone on the banks of the Wad Sharf, in presence of the traces of five lions who had been there the evening before, of the pile erected in their honor, and of the mysterious cover upon which the shadows of night already threw an impenetrable veil, and which my imagination delighted in tearing open in order to count the teeth and claws of the "lord with the large head," and of the family he claimed protection over.

The ravine of the Mahuna, in the depths of which I had taken my station, is at once the most picturesque and the most savage that it is possible to imagine.

Let the reader picture to himself two mountains cleft perpendicularly below, and their slopes above intersected by profound ravines, and covered with forests of evergreen oak, wild olives, and lentises.

Between these two mountains is the bed of the Wad Sharf, almost dry in summer, and literally strewn with the dung of animals of different kinds, but in winter-time scarcely fordable from swollen waters.

To look at this ravine from afar, it would be deemed uninhabitable. Yet there have been families sufficiently bold to settle there, at a time when they have been persecuted in the plain, and have been obliged to save their property and their lives—to choose a retreat safe, at all events, from man.

Notwithstanding the ravages committed by lions, these families have chosen to abide by their seclusion; and each of them, when discussing their annual budget, says: "So much for the lions, so much for the state, and so much for us." And the lion's share is always ten times greater than that of the state.

The paths of communication on the slopes of the two mountains are so narrow and bad, that in many places a man on foot can scarcely make

his way without running the risk of braking his neck.

It is the same with regard to the fords which lead across the Wad Sharf, and establish a communication between one slope and the other. That by which the lions came to drink at the stream, and which I was now watching, was, like the rest, narrow and abrupt.

At this place the Wad Sharf made a bend, which limited the view in either direction still more, so that the precise spot where I stood was like the bottom of a funnel, and so dark that neither sun nor moon—my second sun—ever lit it up.

Since that night I have passed many another, and in localities very little frequented, but I have never passed one that appeared to me so short.

Seated near an oleander that overlooked the ford, I sought with eyes and ears the fire of a tent or the barking of a dog in the mountain; something that would say to me: "You are not alone."

But everything was wrapt in silence and obscurity, and as far as the eye or the ear could reach there were no men. I was there alone with my rifle.

Nevertheless time crept on, and the moon, which I had no hopes of seeing, so circumscribed was my horizon, began to cast around me a kind of twilight, which awoke in me a sense of deep gratitude.

It was about eleven o'clock, and I was beginning to feel surprised at having waited so long, when I thought I heard the crackling of wood.

By degrees the sound became more distinct; it came, there was no longer any doubt upon the matter, from several large animals.

Soon I perceived several luminous points of a reddish movable hue that were advancing towards me.

I had now no trouble in making out the family of lions who were coming in a file along the path which led to the ford at which I was stationed.

Instead of five, I could only make out three, and when they stopped at a distance of some fifteen paces, on the banks of the river, it appeared that the one which led the way, although of a more than respectable size and physiognomy, could not be the lord with the great head who had been so strongly recommended to me by the shaikh.

There they were, all three looking at me with an expression of astonishment. According to the plan I had laid out for myself, I aimed at the first, right at the shoulder, and fired. A painful and terrible roar replied to the discharge of my gun, and as soon as the smoke allowed me to perceive anything, I made out two lions retracing their steps slowly into the wood, and the third, with both shoulders broken, dragging himself towards me on his belly.

I at once understood that the father and mother were not of the party, a circumstance which caused me no particular regret.

Feeling satisfied as to the intentions of those whom the fall of their brother had induced to withdraw themselves so unceremoniously, I only troubled myself with the former.

I had just got down the powder, when, by an effort which made him roar with pain, he got within three paces of me, exhibiting at the same time all his teeth; a second ball made him, like the first, roll down into the bed of the rivalet; three times he returned to the charge, and it was only by the third ball, fired right into his eye, that he was stretched out dead.

I said that at the first fire the lion roared with pain; at the same moment, and as if it had seen what was taking place, a panther began to cry out with all its strength, on the left bank of the Wad Sharf.

At the second shot, the lion having roared as before, the same cry made itself heard, and another like it answered it further on, below the ford.

In short, as long as this drama lasted, three or four panthers, whose presence in the neighborhood I never suspected, nor have I ever heard them or seen them since, got up a perfect bacchanalian row, in joy for the death of an enemy whom they held in utmost dread.

The lion I had killed was about three years of age, fat, well-proportioned, and armed like an adult.

After having made sure that he was worth the powder expended on him, and that the Arabs, when they saw him, would salute him with satisfaction and respect, I thought of the pile, which was not long lighting up the two sides of the mountain.

The sound of a distant shot was brought to me by the echo; it was the signal of victory sent by the shaikh to all the duars of the Mahuna, who answered it in their turn.

At break of day upwards of two hundred Arabs, men, women, and children, arrived from all sides, to contemplate, and insult at their ease, their fallen enemy.

Whilst this drama, as the lion-killer justly enough designates it, was being enacted, it appeared from the report of the old shaikh, Tayib, that the veteran with the big head had made free with another of his oxen. Between the time of the fall of his son on the Wad Sharf and the 13th of August following, a single inhabitant of Mahuna, Lakdar by name, was deprived by this ferocious beast of prey of no less than forty-five sheep, a mare, and twenty-nine head of cattle:

At his earnest request (M. Jules Gerard relates) I arrived at his tent on the evening of the 13th of August; I passed several nights in exploring the neighborhood without finding the animal. The evening of the 26th, Lakdar said to me: "The black bull is missing from the herd, therefore the lion has come back. Tomorrow morning I shall go and seek for his remains, and if I find them, bad luck to him."

Next morning, scarcely was the sun up before Lakdar had returned.

When he woke me up, I found him doubled up near me and motionless. His face was beaming, his burnus damp with dew; his dogs, crouched at his feet, were covered with mud, for the night had been stormy.



"Good morning, brother," he said to me, "I have found him; come."

Without asking him a single question, I took my rifle and followed him.

After having traversed a great wood of wild olives, we descended into a ravine, where tumbled down rocks and a dense overgrowth rendered further progress extremely difficult.

When we had arrived at the very worst part we found ourselves in presence of the defunct bull.

The breast and thighs had been devoured, the remainder was untouched, and the lion had turned the bull so that the parts on which he was feeding should lie undermost. I said to Lakdar:

"Bring me a cake and some water immediately, and let no one come near here till to-morrow morning."

After he had brought me my dinner, I took up my station at the foot of a wild olive-tree about three paces distant from the bull.

I cut off a few branches in order to cover myself from behind, and I waited.

I waited for a long time.

At about eight o'clock, the dim rays of the new moon which was sinking below the horizon, no longer lit up the corner in which I lay secreted but very feebly.

Leaning against the trunk of the tree, and only able to distinguish such objects as were close to me, I contented myself with listening.

A branch cracked at a distance; I got up and assumed a commodious offensive position; my elbow lay upon my left knee, my rifle stuck to my shoulder, my finger was on the trigger, I listened a moment but without hearing anything more.

At last a stifled roar broke forth within thirty paces of me, and then came nearer; it was succeeded by a kind of low guttural sound, which, with the lion, is a sign of hunger.

Immediately afterwards the animal made no more noise, and I could not make out where he was till I saw his monstrous head leading over the shoulders of the bull.

He was beginning to lick it, having his eyes fixed on me all the time, when an ingot of iron struck him an inch from his left eye.

He roared, rose up upon his hind legs, and received another ingot, which tumbled him over on the spot. Struck by this second shot in the very centre of his chest, he was stretched on his back by the blow, and worked his enormous paws in the air.

After having reloaded, I went up to the lion, and thinking that he was almost dead, I struck with my dagger at his heart; but by an involuntary movement he warded off the blow, and the blade broke upon his fore-arm.

I jumped back, and as he was lifting up his enormous head, I administered to him two more ingots, which finished him off.

And thus perished the "lord with the great head."

It is absurd to try and shoot lions when it is perfectly dark—a little moonlight is absolutely necessary. Our lion-killer, accustomed

as he was to be out in the darkest nights, acknowledges that such a proceeding is very foolish, and that it nearly cost him his life—indeed, he was not a little glad to escape safe and whole from the first encounter that he had on a dark night:

It was in the month of February, 1845. I had had the honor of receiving a few months previously a capital rifle from H. R. H. the duke of Aumale.

I had then only killed two lions, and felt very anxious to kill a third with this weapon, since made illustrious by thirteen victories, but which is even now less dear to me because it has been my companion and my safety for three hundred nights, than because it was given to me by the prince.

A fever which I had caught during my first excursions had prevented me entering upon a new campaign. Hoping that the sea air would benefit me, I went to Bône at the end of February.

But having received intelligence that a great old lion was committing ravages in the neighborhood of the camp of Drayan, I sent to Ghelma for my arms, and left Bône the 26th of February.

The 27th, at five o'clock in the evening, I arrived at the duar of the U'lat Bu Azizi, not above a mile and a half from the haunt of my beast, which, according to the old men of the tribe, had taken up his abode in the Jibal Krun-aga for the last thirty years.

I learnt, on arriving, that every evening, at sunset, the lion roared on leaving his den, and that at night he came down into the plain still roaring.

It appeared impossible that I should not meet him, so I loaded both my guns as hastily as I could, nor indeed scarcely had I concluded the operation, to which the greatest attention must always be paid, than I heard the lion roaring in the mountain.

My host offered to accompany me to the ford which the lion would pass on leaving the mountain; so I gave him my other gun to carry, and we started.

It was so dark that we could not see two paces before us. After having walked about a quarter of an hour through cover, we arrived on the banks of a rivulet which flowed from the Jibal Krun-aga.

My guide, exceedingly disturbed by the roaring which kept coming nearer and nearer, said: "The ford is there."

I endeavored to examine the position, but everything around me was enveloped in utter darkness; I could not even see my Arab, who touched me.

Not being able to distinguish anything with my eyes, I began to descend to the rivulet, in order to discover by feeling with the hand if there were any remains of animals.—It was a narrow pent-up ford, the approaches to which were difficult and abrupt.

Having selected a stone which would serve as a seat, right over the waters of the rivulet and a

little above the ford, I dismissed my guide, much to his satisfaction.

Whilst I had been reconnoitring the locality he kept saying: "Let us go back to the duar; the night is too dark; we will seek the lion to-morrow by daylight."

Not daring to return to the duar alone, he hid himself in a mass of lentises about fifty paces away from the ford. After having ordered him not to move, come what might, I took up my position on the stone.

The lion had never ceased roaring, and was coming gradually nearer and nearer.

Having closed my eyes for a few minutes, I succeeded, on opening them, in making out a viceeued bank at my feet, cut out no doubt when the waters were swollen, for the rivulet now flowed at a depth of some feet below: the ford was to my left, a little more than a gun's length: I arranged my plan accordingly.

If I could make out the lion in the rivulet I would fire at him there, the bank being in my favor, if I was lucky enough to wound him seriously.

It was about nine o'clock, when a loud roar burst forth a hundred yards from the rivulet. I cocked my gun, and my elbow on my knee, the butt on my shoulder, my eyes fixed on the water, which I caught sight of at times: I waited.

Time began to appear long, when, from the opposite bank of the rivulet, and immediately in front of me, there came a deep sigh, with a guttural sound like the rattling in the throat of a man in the agony of death.

I raised my eyes in the direction of this ominous sound, and I perceived the eyes of the lion fixed upon me like two burning coals. The fixidity of the look, which cast a wan light, then lit up nothing around, not even the head to which it was attached, caused all the blood that was in my veins to regurgitate to my heart.

Only one minute ago I was shivering with cold, now the perspiration rolled down my forehead.

Whoever has not seen an adult lion in a wild state, living or dead, may believe in the possibility of a struggle, body to body, with a lion. He who has seen one knows that a man struggling with a lion is a mouse in the claws of a cat.

I have said that I had already killed two lions; the smallest weighed five hundred pounds. He had, with one stroke of his enormous paw, brought a horse at full speed to a stand-still. Horse and rider had remained upon the spot.

From that time I was sufficiently aware of their resources to know what I had to do. I no longer, for example, looked to my dagger as a means of safety.

But what I said to myself,—and I repeat it now,—in a case where one or two balls did not succeed in killing a lion (a great possibility), when he should bound upon me, if I could resist the shock, I would make him swallow my gun up to the stock; and then, if his powerful claws have neither torn nor harpooned me, I would work away with my dagger at his eyes or heart, according as I should be placed with regard to the animal and the amount of freedom of action which I still possessed.

If I fell with the shock of the bound (which is more than probable), so long as I had both hands free, my left should search the region of the heart, and my right should strike the blow.

If next morning two bodies are found mutually embracing one another, mine, at all events, will not have left the field of battle, and that of the lion will not be far off,—the dagger will have told the rest.

I had just drawn my dagger from its scabbard, and stuck it in the earth within reach of my hand, when the lion's eyes began to lower towards the rivulet.

I bade good-by to those I loved best, and having promised them to die well, when my finger sought for the trigger I was less agitated than the lion that was taking to the water.

I heard his first step in the rivulet, which flowed past rapidly and noisily, and then nothing more. Had he stopped? Was he walking towards me? That is what I asked myself as I sought to penetrate with my eyes the dark veil that wrapped everything around me, when I thought I heard close to me, to the left, the sound of his footfall in the mud.

He was indeed out of the rivulet, and was quietly ascending the slope towards the ford, when the movement I made induced him to stop short. He was only four or five paces from me, and could reach me with a single bound.

It is useless to seek the sight of a rifle when one cannot see the barrel. I fired as I best could, my head up and my eyes open, and, by the momentary flash, I made out an enormous mass, hairy, but without form. A terrific roar followed; the lion was mortally wounded.

To the first burst of grief succeeded dull threatening moans. I heard the animal struggling in the mud on the banks of the rivulet, and then he grew quiet.

Thinking he was dead, or at all events incapable of getting out of the hole he was in, I returned to the duar with my guide, who having heard all that had passed, was persuaded that the lion was ours.

I need not say that I did not sleep that night. At the first break of day we arrived at the ford; no lion was to be seen. We found, in the midst of a pool of blood, of which the animal had lost a large quantity, a bone as big as a finger, which led me to suppose he had a shoulder broken.

A great root had been cut in two by the lion's jaws from the side of the embankment, about two feet from where I stood. The agony that he must have felt by the tumble experienced from this mishap was the cause, no doubt, of the moans I had heard, and had prevented him renewing his attack. It was in vain that we followed the traces of his blood; he had kept along the bed of the rivulet, and they were soon lost.

The next day the Arabs of the country, who had many losses to lay to the account of the lion, and who were persuaded that he was mortally wounded, came and offered to help in the search.

There were sixty of us—some on foot, others on horseback; after some hours of ineffectual search, I returned to the duar, and was preparing to take my departure, when I heard several

shots fired, followed by loud hurrahs in the direction of the mountain.

I started off as fast as my steed would carry me, and was soon satisfied that my hopes would not be disappointed this time. The Arabs were flying in every direction, and crying out like madmen.

Some had placed the rivulet between them and the lion; others bolder, because they were on horseback, having seen him drag himself with difficulty towards the mountain, which he endeavored to climb up, had got together, to the number of ten, "to finish him off," as they said. The shaikh led them on.

I had just passed the rivulet, and was going to get down off my horse, when I saw the horsemen, the shaikh at the head of them, turn round and make off as fast as ever they could tear.

The lion, with only three legs, bounded over the rocks and lentiscs\* with greater agility than they did, roaring all the time so lustily as to terrify the horses to that degree that their riders had no longer any control over them.

The horses continued to gallop, but the lion had stopped in a glade, looking after the runaways with a proud, threatening aspect. And truly magnificent he was, with his open mouth, casting looks of defiance and death upon all around. How stern he looked with his black mane bristling up, and his tail striking his sides with passion.

From the place where I stood to where he was, there might be about three hundred paces. I got down and called to one of the Arabs to take my horse. Several ran up, and I was obliged, not to be put back on my horse, or dragged away, to leave the burnus by which they held me in their hands. Some endeavored to follow me, to dissuade me; but as I quickened my pace to get near the lion, their number kept diminishing.

One only remained: it was my guide of the

\* The tree so often alluded to is the *Pistachia lentiscus*, lentisc, or sticky pistachia; one species of which, *P. terebinthus*, produces turpentine—this is the gum mastick.

first night; he said to me: "I received you in my tent; I am answerable for you before God and before men; I will die with you."

The lion had left the glade to bury himself in a deep covert a few paces distant. Walking with great precaution, always ready to fire, I endeavored in vain to make out his seat amid rocks and shrubbery. I had just been poking my gun into a particularly dense mass of foliage, when my guide, who had remained without, said:

"Death won't have you: you passed the lion so close as to touch it; if your eyes had met his you were a dead man before you could have fired."

For all answer, I told him to throw stones into the cover; at the very first that fell a lentisc opened, and the lion, having looked first to the right and then to the left, sprang at me.

He was ten paces off, his tail up, and his mane hanging down to his eyes, whilst his outstretched neck and broken leg, that trailed behind with the claws turned upside down, gave him somewhat the appearance of a dog setting at game.

As soon as he appeared I sat down, pushing the Arab behind me, as he kept annoying me by exclamations of "Fire! fire!—fire then!" which he mixed with his prayers.

I had scarcely shouldered my rifle, when the lion got a little spring of four or five paces nearer, and he was about to try another, when, struck an inch above the eye, he tumbled over.

My Arab was already returning thanks to God, when the lion turned himself over, got up upon his seat, and then rose upon his hind legs like a horse rearing.

Another ball was sent this time right home to its heart, and he fell over, dead.

Upon examining this lion after death, M. Jules Gerard found that the second ball had flattened itself on the frontal bone without fracturing it in the slightest degree. It was in consequence of this that he adopted from that time forward ingots of iron instead of leaden balls.

From the Illustrated Magazine.

### THAT!

CONSIDERED PERSONALLY AND RELATIVELY.

BY HORACE MATHEW.

OF all words in the English language there is not one, perhaps, that conveys so much meaning in so small a space as **THAT!**

If Mr. Jones is spoken of as "*that* Mr. Jones," we know at once what sort of a person Jones must be.

This *That*-ing people is a species of verbal tarring and feathering, in which ladies especially delight in exposing those persons who are not favorites with them. We have seen bottles carefully labelled "*Poison.*" Now, we always fancy, when we hear "*That*"

stuck on in front of a person's name, that it is meant to convey a similar warning. It seems to say, "You had better not have anything to do with such a person, my dear; he is a dangerous, good-for-nothing, poisonous character;" and, too frequently the person so labelled is dropt, studiously put aside, for fear of the fatal consequences. A lady would as soon think of placing a bottle of prussic acid on the mantel-piece of her nursery as admitting to her table a gentleman whose name had elicited, on being pronounced, an unanimous female ejaculation of "*That!*" "What, my dear, you don't mean to say it is *that* Mr. Jones?" And poor Jones from that moment might as well have hung round his neck a monster placard, intimating in large terrifying letters to the sex in general that they had better "**BEWARE!**"

The *That* is a second baptism, by which a man so christened is almost as well known as by his original name—it is an adhesive label affixed to the bodily trunk he carries about with him, which no after-reformation can possibly wash off.

What indignant meaning is stamped into that simple prefix! It falls on the ear with the sharp sound of an angry lady's heel. It is the double concentrated essence of contempt. What man can hold his head up in ladies' society after having been publicly condemned at a tea-table as a "*That*." He is henceforth excommunicated—many a good fellow having been tossed out of a comfortable drawing-room by no less a Bull than *That*! What does it not convey? All the evil qualities lie, like serpents in a nest, coiled up in it; and, unless you are fond of nurturing serpents at your hearth, you had better not admit such a man to your fireside. A man may be a bankrupt, a thrice-remanded insolvent, a fashionable duellist or swindler, a member of the Agape-mone, a convicted Syncretic, an irreclaimable flirt, a bigoted electrobiologist, anything you like that is bad or foolish, but if once he has been pronounced (and what pronoun, pray, can possibly make a man's character more pronounced?) to be *That* Mr. So-and-So, there is no chance, no social whitewash, that will enable him to compound for his debts, and allow him to start a clean man, and contract fresh ones. "Let no such man (we fancy we hear a chorus of married ladies exclaiming) raise his hand to our door-knocker! Let not the hat of such a man be seen hanging up in our hall! Let not our mahogany ever be dirtied with the muddy feet of such a man! When he calls, mind we are not at home! If he leaves his card, remember, Jane, you throw it into the fire!"

It is so far lucky that ladies (and this *that* is especially a lady's word) have not the writing of history. To express the depravity or immortality of a king, they would not use such plain words as "bad," or "wicked," or "*faincant*," or "tyrant," or "*bête*," or any such mild historical epithet. It would be changed into "*That* Louis XI.;" and George the Fourth would no longer figure as "*The First Gentleman of Europe*," but would have his white satin coat-tails remorselessly cut down into "*That* George the Fourth." How expressive, too, (to jump back to the present day) it would be to hear "*That* Nicholas!"

It is equally fortunate that the inditing of epitaphs is not confided to their fair stenographic fingers. What volumes they would condense into a single word! How the truth would shine, as from a diamond, out of the facets of one small, polished, hard-grained, appropriate epithet. For instance, what a deal

of explanation it would save if we were to read on a tombstone—

"HERE LIES *THAT* BLUE BEARD!"

or if the tablet of a vault was to tell us in plain unambiguous language, that underneath it were buried "the remains of *That* Mr. Jones."

Do the persons, who are contemptuously christened *That*, form a separate race by themselves? Is one *That* worse than another? or are they all dyed in the same black vat of iniquity? We think not. We are of opinion that there are distinct shades of *That* badness. Doubtlessly, the *nuances* of matrimonial criminals vary in female estimation as much as the colors of Berlin wool; and the same qualities, which would draw a most repelling portrait of a domestic Traitor in one house, would serve to elaborate a very pretty full-length of a social Hero in another. What would pass as Imperial black in Bloomsbury, would probably be taken as French white in Belgravia!

But, after all, the man who is generally called *That* has no real color of his own. He shines only with a borrowed light. He is merely the mirror that reflects the hue (and cry) of the husband.

It has been said by a great moralist, that it may be taken as a general law that every husband has an intimate friend, who is made answerable for his little peccadilloes—some one who is kept as a convenient block on which the accused *marri* chalks up his white sins. It is the fate of this friend to be used as a private bank, on which the husband takes the liberty of drawing, according to his necessities, for so many imaginary glasses of brandy and water—for so many cigars, and for that "other glass of grog," which is always the cause of his stopping out so late. All these, and many other good-natured debts of sociality, are put down to the friend's account. It can easily be imagined how quickly this account must accumulate, and how terrific the settlement must be when the day of reckoning comes—worse than any washing-day, when Love formerly (in the days when washing was done more at home than it is, fortunately, now) stood trembling by the edge of the tub, in a state of chilly trepidation lest his torch should fall into it, and be extinguished by the soap-suds.

"It is a stern Mede and Persian law in all married circles," says the same great moralist, "that no husband can do any wrong;" or, supposing he is accidentally capable of such a thing, the wrong has invariably been done at the instigation of some one else. It is always some wretch who has led him into it, some

designing crafty villain who has worked upon his poor unsophisticated nature, and pulled him headlong into the temptation, against his resisting will. It is well known that no husband ever rushed into harm of his own accord, he was invariably pushed or dragged into it; and it is equally well known no husband ever fell yet, but is was sure to be some cloven hoof that had tripped him up. This cloven hoof generally belongs to the leg of the friend who rejoices, in the wife's denunciations, in the perfidious and perfidious cognomen of *That!*

Though these tripping friends may differ in different degrees of blackness, still there are characteristics that stand out upon them like glaring patches of color, and by which you generally can recognize them.

Suppose we pin all these characteristics on to the back of one person, and as one person's name is as good as another when you want a Terrible Example, suppose we take Jones. The reader is, of course, fully aware it is *that* Mr. Jones; and he must also recollect that all the sins of all the Joneses, who have ever sinned in a similar way to himself, are now heaped upon his wretched Jonesian head.

Mr. Jones is, invariably, a good-natured, social, attractive, easy, indifferent, spring-but-terfly fellow. To listen to the representations of the husbands, it is impossible to resist him; meet him where they will, they must follow him; and once in his society, it is impossible to leave it. Hence, when the husband returns home late, and murmurs out as his excuse that he has "been with Jones," it is no wonder that the poor wife, who has been sitting up in her shawl, shivering over a scanty handful of fire, should give vent to her indignation, and declare "she has no patience with *that* Mr. Jones."

Mr. Jones smokes—smokes to that horrible excess, that he quite taints the clothes of every one who has been sitting in the same room with him. It is but natural, therefore, when the husband has been carrying all over the house an atmosphere of tobacco-smoke—"so strong, you might smell him a mile off"—that the wife should give way a little to her resentment, and inveigh bitterly against *that* Mr. Jones. N. B. Husbands never smoke.

Mr. Jones is always giving breakfasts, luncheons, dinner parties, and supper parties. It is extraordinary the number of clubs of which he is a member. No excursion into the country is complete without Jones. He is never absent from a single race. A picnic party cannot be organized, unless Jones was at the head of it. He seems to be the godfather at every christening—the bridegroom at every wedding. He cannot, surely, have any business to attend to; his only business must be pleasure. He is about everywhere. If the

husband steps out to buy some postage-stamps—and is absent for a couple of hours—"it's very strange, he met Jones at the post-office." At Ramsgate, Scarborough, the Isle of Man, Boulogne, up the Rhine, down the Danube, "who of all persons in the world, should he run against, but Jones." If he was to go to the top of the Great Pyramid, he would, doubtlessly, tumble over Jones. Jones is ubiquitous—for if a letter comes in a strange hand-writing from Vienna, or the Shetland Islands, it is from Jones—and yet if the husband goes to the Opera the same evening, "it's the most surprising thing, to be sure, there was that fellow Jones, again." He is as universal as the influenza—a social epidemic that penetrates everywhere, and which every husband runs the risk of catching, the moment he moves away from home. Can you be surprised, therefore, at the poor neglected wife at home growing absurdly jealous of the superior attractions of this invisible rival, who is always crossing her path, or at her mildly exclaiming at last, previous to her bursting into tears, "I wonder, my dear, you do not go and live altogether with *that* Mr. Jones."

Mr. Jones is mostly invisible. He has too much good sense to call—he is fully, painfully aware he is not a general favorite with the ladies. It is true he called once, but the lady of the house had a sick-headache, and was sorry she could not see him. She confessed, however, secretly to a friend who was with her in the bedroom at the time—that she "would eat her head off sooner than go down and see *that* Mr. Jones." The husband, however, assures her she is quite mistaken—she is laboring under some strange delusion with regard to his friend—that she wouldn't speak of him in that way if she knew him—that he only requires to be known to be fully appreciated; but, somehow, he never brings him to the house again.

Perhaps it is as well for Jones that the wife does not encounter him; for she is always wishing that "she could see *that* Mr. Jones, and wouldn't she just give him a bit of her mind;" and we know that when ladies talk about giving a "bit" of their mind, that it generally amounts to a large piece, or rather a large breakage of the peace.

Mr. Jones is single. This accounts, of course, for his treachery. No husband would behave to another person's husband in that way. How ardently, and how often, has not the poor, suffering, abused wife, prayed and "wished to goodness that *that* wretch—that *that* Mr. Jones would get married, and then, perhaps, he wouldn't be taking her husband out so much!"

Mr. Jones's way of living is, naturally, rather expensive. Dinners eat up a deal of



money in the course of the year, and little parties to Richmond, Bushey Park, Epping Forest, etc., are not given exactly on the salary of a government clerk. His purse, however, does not enjoy the same vigorous constitution as the wretch's body. The consequence, therefore, is, that whenever the wife wants some money, the regret is always made, that "he has just lent all he had to poor Jones—it's very tantalising, why didn't she speak a little sooner?" This regret occurs so often, that at length the wife cannot help saying, with the sharpness of needles, "it's very strange, you can always find money for *that* Mr. Jones, but whenever I want some, you never have any."

Mr. Jones's address is a mystery. It is in some chambers, in some Inn, somewhere near the Temple, in the neighborhood of Holborn, but the wife cannot recollect where. Once, when her husband had been absent all night, she started to see if she could find it out, but came back sore at heart, quite disappointed. On her return, she found her husband at home quite sprightly—he had been up in a balloon with Jones—had been carried away some fifty miles into the country—landed in a swamp—and it was very provoking to be sure—there were no means of coming up to town that night. The trip would have been delightful, if it hadn't rained. However, Jones never was so brilliant—he doesn't know what he should have done without him.

Occasionally Mr. Jones exceeds himself,—and if there is a loud knocking in the middle of the night, it is because—"please Mr. Jones's compliments—but he wishes to know if master would mind stepping down to Vine Street to bail him."

Jones's correspondence is very extensive. Whenever a *mignon* little letter arrives, almost small enough to be put into pill box, it is always from Jones—and the contents of it are generally of that sweet nature, that the husband is obliged to retire up to the window-pane to read it. "It is strange (says the wife, swallowing a cup of hot tea, but forgetting the heat of it in that of her own rage), exceedingly strange, that you and *that* Mr. Jones should have so many secrets."

Jones has quite a school-girl's appetite for amusements. He is positively voracious, and will bite at and swallow almost anything. How often has the husband left his warm fire-side of an evening to go and meet Jones at the play! He'll not be late—but he is—and it is the fault of that stupid Jones—he would stop and see the ballet.

Can you wonder, therefore, at the strange antipathy created in a wife's breast against this unknown disturber of the peace and comfort of her family? or at her breaking out, each time he crosses her household arrangements,

into some loud anathema against *that* Mr. Jones, and fairly wishing at times that he was dead? Who, pray, would have sufficient weakness to bear uncomplainingly, without a pinch of the lip, without a stamp of the foot, constant inroads of a secret foe like this? a foe, that is always waiting round the corner, apparently, to pounce upon your husband, and to seduce him far away from home. Patient Griselda, herself, would rise at last in rebellion against such ceaseless, worrying attacks.

But there are some disbelieving minds, who do not hesitate to say that Mr. Jones has no corporeal being,—no address at all in this world, *no locus standi* whatever. They declare he has no thick, clumsy fingers to write pretty notes with—no drunken body to be locked up all night. They maintain he is entirely a myth, that never existed anywhere but in the husband's own imagination, and that he is kept away as a convenient stalking horse, that he can always order round to the door as often as he wishes to go out, or upon whose back he can leap to carry him home safe, whenever it happens to be rather late. They, moreover, very plainly insinuate, that if the wife would only have the courage to invite her invisible enemy to the house, the fallacy of his deceitful existence would very soon explode, and the ghost that so long had haunted her house, would very quickly be laid, never to persecute her again.

We cannot for a moment credit these scandalous fabrications, or lend ourselves weakly to any supposition, carrying so much absurdity on the face of it, that there are to be found husbands who would be basely guilty of such fraudulent practices. It's against all sense—against all probability. On the contrary, we firmly believe, that in every house there exists a Mr. Jones of some kind or other—and, further, that this monster, by his bearishness, his brutal aggressions, and unceasing provocations, his filthy tricks, tobacco, and stratagems, freely deserves from the ladies of the establishment his inglorious designation of *That* Mr. JONES.

From *The Examiner*, 1 July.

#### THE AUSTRIAN OCCUPATION.

AND so we are to have another "Occupation." In answer to questions from Lord Dudley Stuart and Sir Henry Willoughby, on Thursday night, Lord John Russell stated that a convention had been concluded between Austria and the Porte, to which France and England were no parties, for the occupation of the Danubian Principalities by Austrian troops, on the departure, whether voluntarily or by force, of the Russians.

Every one is amazed by this announcement; what to make of it nobody knows. One thing

only is quite clear, and universally understood, namely, that Austria has quite as much of the *monomania* of occupying as Russia. That has been manifest from the first. Ever since the commencement of the quarrel, the emperor Francis Joseph has had but one wish, but one prayer: "Do let me occupy," has been his continual cry. Now it was Montenegro; then it was Albania, or Bosnia, or Servia; and never has some kind of reason or excuse been absent. And here, at last, when there remains no longer the shadow of a pretext for going to fatten on any of these poor people, Austria must fain take possession of the Principalities. The Turks have fought for them, have spent blood and treasure to recover them, have done deeds of unexampled valor, and have fairly beaten the Russians. But the Turks are not to enjoy the fruits of victory. They are not to pursue the Russians, or to feed on Wallachian rations. It would be too outrageous to have them gall the kibe of the retreating Russians. It would be too dangerous to give the opportunity to England and France. So the Austrians kindly offer to "occupy." The *Times* told us the other day that the Austrian army in Galicia and the Bukowina is so straitened for provision, that it cannot keep within its territory or find provision there. Well, then, we suppose that it *must* "occupy," in order to live. We can add that in Galicia the peasantry are now dying, by hundreds, of starvation. And just as Wallachia and Moldavia were congratulating themselves on getting rid of the hungry Russian, and on having a friendlier visit from their liberators, (the French and the English,) who would at least pay for what they might consume, lo! they are informed that such cannot be the case. They have fed the Russian, and now they must feed the hungrier Austrian. Why? They may well ask, why? If English, French, and Turkish armies advanced to the Pruth, as they ought, what need of an occupation of the Principalities? Is it feared that they will be too liberal, that Prince Ghika or Prince Stirbey would be too independent!

Really this ambition to prey upon one's neighbors, yet not fight for them, of which Austria offers such notable example, is too bad. The Austrian army might have long since put an end to Russian aggression. It might have advanced and fought; and had it done so, no one would have objected to its occupying the camps and cities that the Russians had vacated. But to run no risk, to go to none of the expense and sacrifices of England and France, and yet to bag the game, is most unfair, as well as most preposterous.

We write on the presumption that this new occupation will be solely in the interest of Austria, and that it cannot be for the interest of any other power, except indeed Russia herself. In this we shall be very glad to find ourselves mistaken. The alleged motives or reasons are as yet a mystery, no doubt, but the effect aimed at we cannot help suspecting. At the moment when the allied armies should have been advancing, Austria moves to intercept them. According to Austrian notions, the retreat of the Russians behind the Pruth terminates the war; and, the war over, what need have England,

France, or Turkey, for pursuing or getting closer to the enemy? The allies were welcome to take the vanguard, as long as there was risk, but as soon as risk is at an end, Austria steps in to cover Russia, and intervene between her and her victorious foes. It is said that Austria occupies the Principalities in order that the French and English may attack Sebastopol. But if they desired to attack Sebastopol, why did they not land at once in the Crimea instead of loitering at Gallipoli, and at Scutari? They certainly were not prevented from striking this decisive blow by their haste to reach Silistria, where they will probably not arrive in time to see the rear guard of the retreating Russian army. It is notorious that Sebastopol was, up to the time when the movement on Varna took place, open to a *coup de main* on the land side. By the time, however, that the united army can be for the fourth time embarked and disembarked, preparations will probably be made for their reception in the Crimea, and we shall be told that nothing more can be done this year.

However, Austria prevents in any case an occupation by the allies, and this was motive enough for the step she has taken. There has been no greater fear at Vienna, all along, than that the Western armies, and the world of ideas which are supposed to accompany them, if carried boldly into the Principalities, would do there what the British troops are suspected of having done in Spain, inculcate the country with the poison of liberalism. One hundred thousand Anglo-French in the Principalities has been a vision scaring the wits of Viennese statesmen. The plague might spread over the Austrian dominions, and certainly Hungary would become intolerable. What if such a force, really desirous of humbling the power of Russia, were to penetrate into the Polish provinces, which are far more easily reached from the Danube and the Pruth than is generally imagined? Why, if they were to approach Galicia and the Polish provinces, there would be an end of the present state of things in the Eastern part of Europe! Such we believe to be the fears of Austria, and they help to explain her tortuous policy; but to what extent the allies have admitted weight to the one, or extended toleration to the other, is the riddle waiting explanation.

Lord John Russell says that England and France are no parties to the convention; but it is hardly conceivable that it should have been entered into without their permission. Turkey had placed herself in their hands, and this position was incompatible with any separate or independent arrangement of which the effect might be to transfer the arbitrament of peace to another power, which had borne no part of the burdens of war. The terms of the convention; that Austria was to drive out the Russians in case they refused to retire, would imply that it rested on a basis of service to the allies, and of hostility to Russia, which there is no proof as yet that Austria has had any active intention of rendering. If the condition has not been fulfilled, will the convention be permitted to operate? Is not Austria, even at this eleventh hour, in a position to turn against us, and are we to strengthen her

hands for that purpose, and embarrass our own future movements in the east, by consenting to give effect to a treaty which only makes her more powerful in an interest opposed to our own?

Already the inconveniences of an "alliance" so extraordinary and incomprehensible as this between Austria and the Western Powers are becoming apparent. But for the position of Austria we should hardly have had the vehement advice which has lately been addressed to us, to concentrate our forces and direct them against Sebastopol, since there is nothing to be gained by invading the southern provinces of Russia. It would be excellent advice, no doubt, if the allies could at once have moved their armies, if the siege artillery and preparations could have been extended *instantly*, and thrown upon the Crimea in a week. But we well know what time such movements take, even to venture upon, much less to execute. We also know how impossible is anything like secrecy in the present age. Indeed, whether secrecy were observed or not, the Russians must know that if we avoid to pass the Danube, we can have no other aim or design than to take Sebastopol. But Russia knows that she has nothing to fear from an Austrian army occupying the Principalities; and if it be at the same time evident that neither English nor French are to pass the Lower Danube, the Russians like ourselves, can concentrate their whole force upon and around Sebastopol, and the attack of that fortress, admitted to be perilous by sea, would become still more perilous by land.

Is it better then, that these isolated intentions against Sebastopol should be declared, and left to take effect, than that the Turks and their allies should at once advance over the Lower Danube? *Pace* Austria, we must confess that we should be for making both attempts. If occupation be found profitable and desirable by the armies of Austria on the spot, why should we not try it ourselves? Bessarabia is one of the finest provinces for the support of cavalry, and why should not the thousands of reaping-hooks which Marshal St. Arnaud has sent into Adrianople be employed on the eastern bank of the Pruth, instead of being plied upon the Turkish crops on the borders of the Maritza? Let Russia have a taste of occupation. She has peopled her provinces with military colonies formed for the very purpose of invading Turkey, and surely these are the very fields and farms which invite such a retribution.

Bessarabia, we are to remember, is one of Russia's ill-gotten and ill-thriving gains. It was one of the most prosperous of the countries on the Black Sea, when it was independent, and when it could export its produce to Constantinople. But Russian dominion and the Russian custom houses have reduced and ruined it. So great is the weight of taxation, and so heavy are the other disadvantages under which the inhabitants submit, that the price of land in Bessarabia is about two-thirds less than in Moldavia. Not only were the Danubian countries thus sacrificed to the greatness of Odessa, but even Bessarabia. The rivers on each side of Bessarabia, the Dniester and the Pruth, are both navigable, or might be rendered so. Both have seaports that might be

made most available. But the Russian government has set its face against any improvement in the navigation of these rivers, and compels all vessels trading to the mouths of the Dniester to perform quarantine at Odessa. In other words, the trade and produce are all made to pass through Odessa. An invading army would find as sincere welcome in Bessarabia as in Moldavia, and although that part of the province next the Danube is barren and thinly populated, the regions to the north are rich and well capable of feeding an army. If the country should not prove productive, the army is as easily communicated with and supplied by the Pruth, as it was at Varna. The reduction of the fortresses on the Dniester, neither of them strongly fortified, would give the allies the protection of that river, and with their armies in this position, threatening the Polish provinces, as well as Odessa, the Russians could not concentrate the bulk of it at Sebastopol; against which, at the same time, an expedition from Bessarabia would be quite as practicable and easy as from Varna.

There are other considerations, too, which ought to be taken into account. One is, the decided deterioration of the Russian soldier in the field or in offensive operations. Every military man knows the meaning of the immense disproportionate loss of the Russians in generals and officers. It is only to be explained by the reluctance of the soldiers to do their duty, and the necessity that officers and generals should sacrifice themselves in order to overcome that reluctance. The Russian soldier at Ottenitza, at Kalafat, and now at Silistria, has shown himself decidedly inferior to the Turk. But a demoralized army, which would not stand an attack in the open field, or make a rush over grass entrenchments, may still fight valiantly behind embrasures. It is precisely in such a place as Sebastopol that the Russians might show, or be made to show, most courage; whereas every experience leads to the conclusion that they could not stand the allies in the field. It is in the field, too, that great achievements or great victories are gained. Days such as those of Marengo and Austerlitz decide the fate of empires. There is more daring shown, as well as more loss suffered in storming a breach, but the result is not so decisive. The capture of Sebastopol would in no respect compare with the loss of a battle on the Pruth or the Dniester. The Pruth, too, is of evil omen to the arms of Russia. It was on the banks of that river that Peter the First was overthrown by the Turks, and compelled to purchase an inglorious retreat from the province which he had entered as a conqueror.

But even if this were not so, and Sebastopol were the only conquest essentially worth winning, still, for the sake of being able to attack it without tremendous odds against us, we should say, let the allied armies pass the Danube, and menace New Russia, so as to compel the bulk of the Russian army to remain on the south-west frontiers, and not become in any considerable force concentrated in the Crimea. We are not for surrendering our advantages simply to give another advantage to Austria, and render more easy and agreeable her occupation of the Principalities.

## THE TRIALS OF PUBLISHERS.

LITTELL's Living Age, No. 529, publishes Longfellow's poem: "*The Two Angels*," and credits it to *Bentley's Miscellany*. This poem was written for *Putnam's Monthly*, and was first published in that Magazine in April last. Bentley appropriated it as if it were original in his pages, and as his magazine *professes* to be all original, the omission to give credit was palpably intentional, and not an accident. Littell, very innocently, no doubt, takes it from Bentley and gives him credit for it.

That choice bits of this kind should be taken at once as public property—and not only so but actually credited to a foreign journal that has stolen them, while the original publisher who alone has liberally paid the author is wholly ignored, is entirely unjust.

The meanness of sundry English magazines in appropriating as original in their own pages the best articles of American periodicals, has been practised too long with impunity. As to the appropriation itself, they find, of course, abundant example and provocation for it on this side of the water—but, though the American journals copy so largely from abroad, it is not a common sin, to say the least, for them to disguise the origin of the goods they take, except in a single special instance. This is a meanness of which several popular and respectable English magazines—especially Bentley's,—has been repeatedly guilty. Indeed it is an everyday matter with them.

American reprinters therefore should have their eyes open if they would avoid dangerous trespass in taking their neighbors' property, for which their neighbors have paid as fairly, and as fully, as they have paid for their pantaloons or their breakfast.

Experienced and excellent Mr. Littell is hardly excusable for sleeping over a poem by Longfellow, when it first appears in a magazine at his elbow, and then copying it, with false credit, two months after, from an English magazine, as a foreign production.

The first sin, (as in the case of Dr. Bethune's story in *Putnam's Monthly*), is the Londoner's who passed off other people's property as his own—and in that case the sin was inexcusably repeated by the New York Magazine which in turn seized it and passed it off as its own; for neither appropriator gave the slightest clue to the origin of the conveyed property. This rather glaring instance by the way, although commented upon very freely by the press at the time, seems to be even yet curiously misunderstood even by editors. A western editor, only a day or two since, incidentally congratulated *Putnam's Monthly* for having got the start of Harper in copying "that article" from Eliza Cook's Journal!!

Most of the schoolboys know by this time that *Putnam's Monthly* copies no articles whatever, but is wholly original and copyright. Dr. Bethune's story was written for Putnam. Eliza Cook took it without credit as her own—and thence it was copied (again without credit) into *Harper* three months after it had been first published in Putnam. The western man's error was doubtless

owing to the wording of the apology in *Harper* for copying an article that had "previously appeared" in Putnam.

Whether copying and reprinting be right or wrong—it is clearly not right that a work of genius, for the right of circulating which, a publisher has fairly paid the author, should be forcibly seized and advertised as belonging to somebody else.

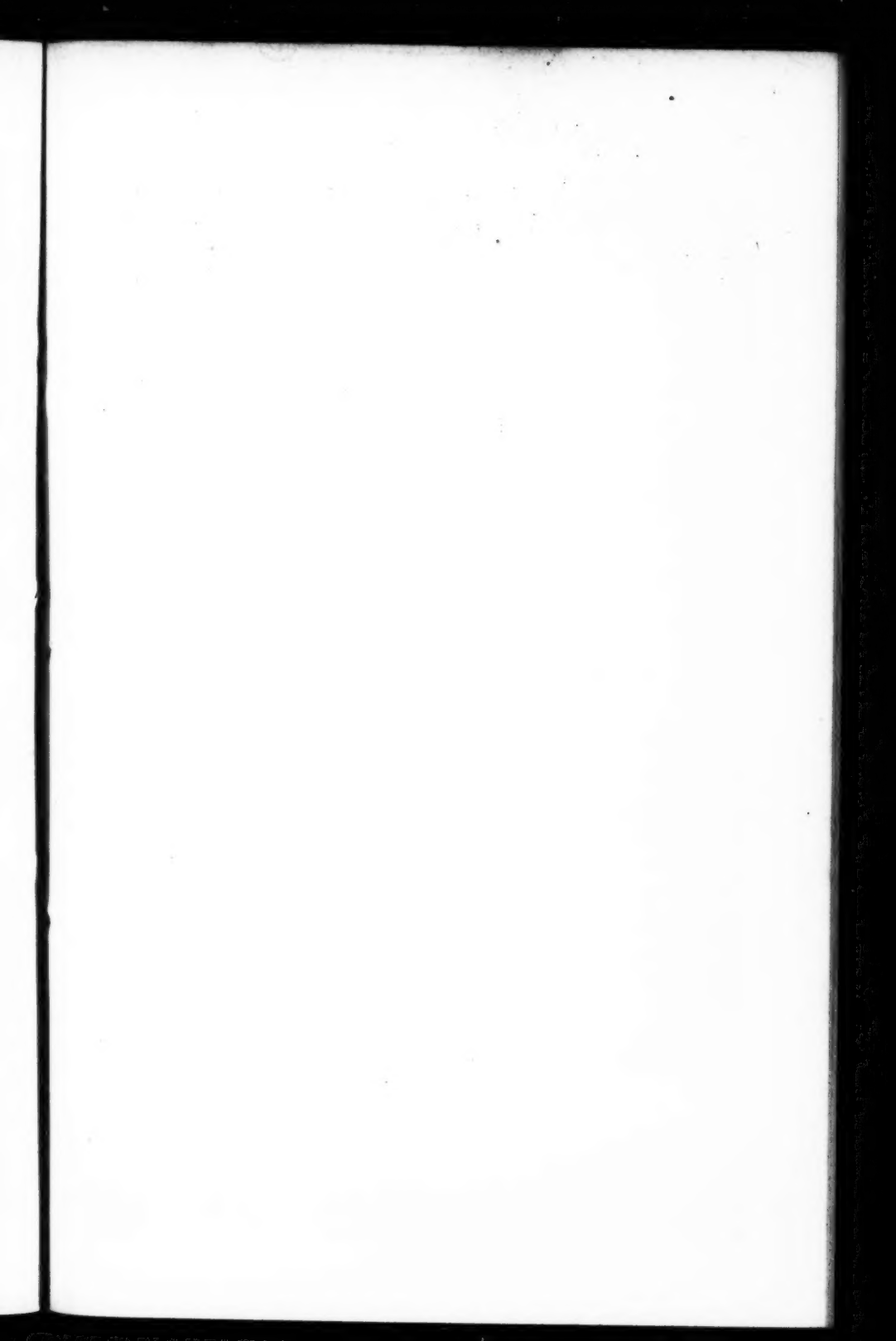
[What can we say! Innocent in intention, we ought to have taken more care; especially we ought to read Putnam's Magazine—which we confess that we have not done. (Catch us reading any magazine we can help reading! We are, alas, in the situation of the good lady ordered to drink a quart of some excellent decoction:—"O, Doctor, it is impossible; I only hold a pint.")]

We must read Putnam; copy at once his beautiful poetry by Longfellow and others, giving due credit—and then when it appears as original in some of the best English magazines, we shall re-collect it;—or if we copy it again, it will not be so bad as the case complained of.

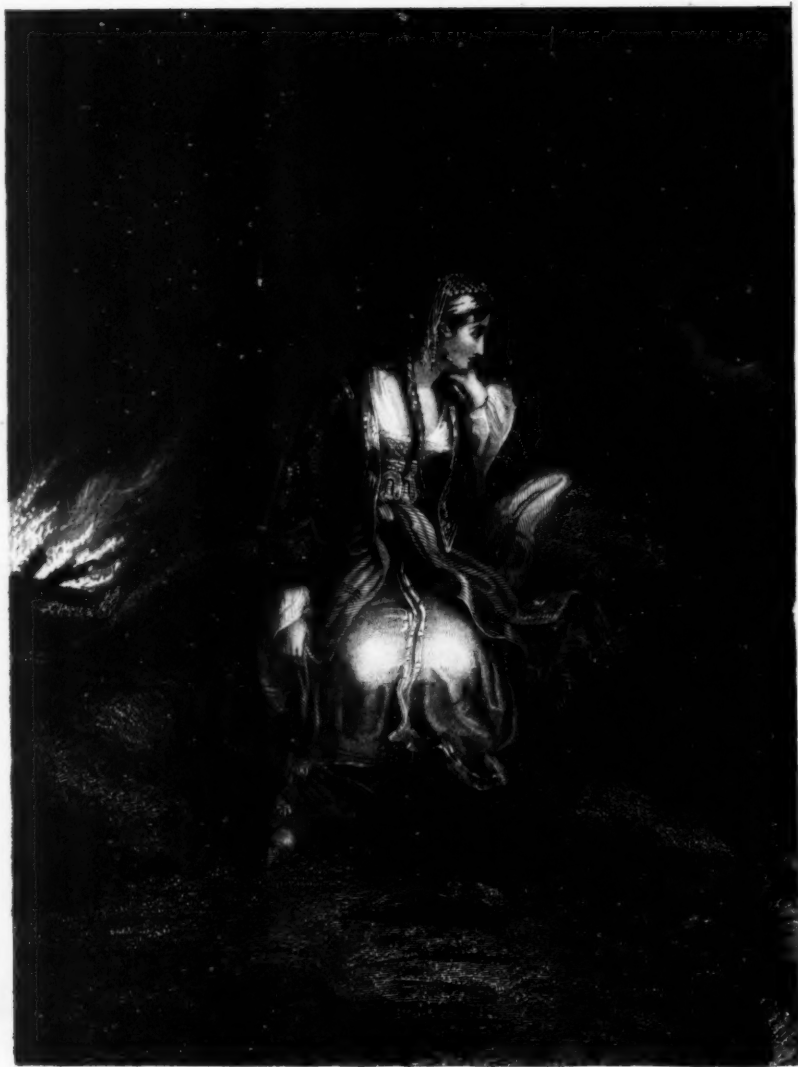
Mr. Putnam is a public benefactor: His own profit is never his sole object: and we desire to acknowledge all that we owe to him in each instance, as well as in this general manner.—Kiss and forgive!—LIVING AGE.]

DR. JOHNSON.—Johnson says somewhere that he never was in a tight place but once, and that was when he had a mad bull by the tail. Had he held on, he said he would have been dragged to death over a stubble field; while if he had not held on, the bull would have gored him to death. Now my Query is, what did Dr. Johnson do, hold on or let go?—*Notes and Queries*.

A book of piquant gossip, if not scandal, is announced in one of the country papers as about to appear. It is to be entitled, says our authority, "*Reminiscences of the University, Town, and County of Cambridge, from the year 1780*," and is written by the late Henry Gunning, for upwards of sixty-four years Esquire Bedell of the University. We read, "Mr. Gunning, whose death took place last January, was known to have been long preparing this work for the press; but those who were partially acquainted with its contents anticipated that it would not be permitted to appear. The late Esquire Bedell was a professed anecdote-monger, and had an unrivalled store of legends of the University in the olden time, which "suffered no perdition" in his narration. Many of his stories were certainly little to the credit of Alma Mater; but they were valuable as memorials of a state of things now happily passed away; and it would have been matter of much regret had a false delicacy consigned them to oblivion."—We shall see in due time whether (this be puff or prophecy.—*Athe-næum*.







*Madona watching the stain of Conrad*

STILL WOULD I RISE TO HEUR THE DEAD ON FIRE,  
 LEFT SPES LEFT THOU SHOULD LET THE BLAZE EXPIRE,  
 AND MANY A RESTLESS HOUR OUTWATCHED FAIR SLEEP  
 AND MORNING CAME, AND STILL THOU WAST AFAR.

